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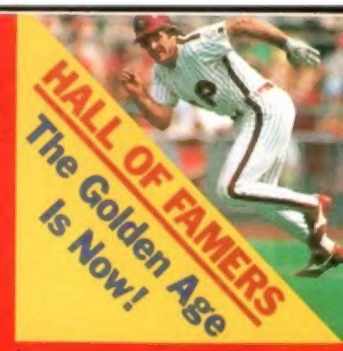

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A New Black Drive for Political Power

Jesse Jackson

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AUGUST 22, 1983 Vol. 122 No. 8 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

This week's cover story on the drive to enhance and focus black political power in the 1984 campaign is the product of reports from TIME correspondents across the country. The most demanding and rewarding assignment fell to Correspondent Jack White: covering the point man and catalyst of much of this political activity, the Rev. Jesse Jackson. It was, White says, "exhilarating, but also exhausting, getting close to Jesse Jackson. He is a man perpetually in motion." White began last month in Atlanta at the annual convention of Operation PUSH (People United to Serve Humanity), founded and led by Jackson, who also appeared on TIME's cover in 1970. Jackson set a fleet pace as he spoke at nearly every session and constantly talked with reporters in crowded lobbies and hallways and in his 70th-floor suite.

DAVID HUME KENNERLY

White with Jackson and his dog in Chicago

A few days later White joined Jackson en route to Los Angeles, and the real marathon began. "Over the next seven days," says White, "Jackson took me along as he met with black clergymen backing his efforts, was interviewed for network news shows, and accepted the congratulations of well-wishers as he walked along the Los Angeles streets." White, who previously profiled the black middle class for a 1974 cover story and reported much of the 1976 special issue on the South, found Jackson eager to be accessible. "He carried me along, outlining his ideas all the way, to places where an interview subject normally wants his privacy," says White. These included a shopping trip, a visit to the podiatrist and a call on his ailing son Jonathan, 17, in a Chicago hospital. At the preacher's home in a pleasant black section of Chicago, White watched a brisk basketball game between Jackson and his aides. "His best shot is a kind of rising set shot, fired from not quite off his toes," reports White.

Jackson even rousted White out of bed at 5 a.m. one day to hear some points he was making on an early-morning television interview. During their final talk, on a flight to Washington last week, White took notes as Jackson "mused in obvious pain about what he considers unfair criticism from those who read his zeal to increase black political influence as a desire for personal gain. It was a rare introspective moment. After more than 20 hours of exclusive conversations, I felt that I had finally seen the core of the man."

John a. Meyer

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Cover: Photograph by David Hume Kennerly

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Cover: Wherever he goes he hears, "Run, Jesse, run!" Whether or not Jesse Jackson heeds the call, he symbolizes renewed black interest in the political process. More blacks than ever are registering and running. *See* NATION.

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Letters

Japan Today

To the Editors:

Kipling notwithstanding, your special issue on Japan [Aug. 1] allowed East and West to meet in style.

Winifred O'Donnell
Pennsauken, N.J.

Congratulations on your Japan issue. It is the most realistic and focused treatment we have seen in years, with none of the common misconceptions and glaring errors that so often mar such attempts.

David G. Ziegler, President
ZED Associates, Inc.
Arlington, Va.

Your Japan issue is excellent. As a businessman who has traveled frequently to that country over the past 20 years, I could have benefited from your stories years ago. The issue is a perceptive introduction for first-time visitors and a stimulating analysis for those of us who have experienced Japan.

Paul Thistleton
Parkersburg, W. Va.

As a 28-year-old Japanese who has lived in the U.S. for four years, I found your Japan issue satisfying and revealing. I was particularly struck by the statement in your main story that "the American civic principle is freedom and equality. The Japanese civic logic is mutual obligation, hierarchy and the overriding primacy of the group." This observation explains why I am in America.

Kazumoto Ohno
Cresskill, N.J.

When I went abroad, a lot of people said to me, "I know Japan: Toyota, Sony, Honda." Now your special issue shows a complete picture of my country to people all over the world. Your articles examine modern Japan from its technical skill to its traditional culture of geisha and hara-kiri.

Akiko Harada
Nagoya, Japan

I have often wondered how Japan rose to world-power status after it was leveled in World War II. Your issue makes it clear: people make a country. Unfortunately, we in the Philippines lack that feeling of nationhood with which the Japanese are blessed.

Wilfredo G. Villanueva
Manila

The Japanese are so pacifistic that I believe a substantial number would run or surrender if attacked. It is sad that the U.S. has forced the government to begin assembling a military force primarily for economic reasons without considering the potential effect of such a move on Japanese society.

Peter Kaplan
Bala Cynwyd, Pa.

Sooner or later, Japan and the U.S. must face up to the Japanese constitution, which pledges never to maintain "land, sea and air forces." In view of this prohibition, a strong relationship between the U.S. and Japan is the best defense against the Soviet Union.

Frank Iritani
Bakersfield, Calif.

Japan is a nation that needs to be better understood. Your issue is a good analysis of my country, especially for those who are not familiar with us. It is also an excellent mirror for my people, who are not aware of their image.

Osamu Katayama
Yokohama

Even though the Japanese are successful in producing and selling their products, their sense of social justice is crude, and their perception of the world is infantile. America has nothing to fear from Japan. U.S. power resides in its personal freedom and sense of fairness, which are lacking among the Japanese.

Chung I. Park
Morton Grove, Ill.

Japanese society and its educational system do, as you say, discourage individualism and creativity. For its survival, Japan needs to modify its teaching methods in order to cultivate independent and critical thinking. Neither the Emperor, Shintoism, Buddhism nor Confucianism can help the Japanese develop a deeper understanding of the West.

Yuji Yoshida
Amherst, Mass.

The dominance of Japanese men is bound to end. With his taste for kinky sex, the Japanese man is nothing but an adolescent. By the turn of the century, the middle-class Japanese man will be seeking solace with others of his sex because the docile little woman will no longer be waiting at home in her kimono.

Diane M. Patterson
Mount Lebanon, Pa.

Your articles on Japan were mostly fair, except for your description of the woman economics major at Tokyo University who earned money by being a mistress. I spent three years as an engineering student at Tokyo University and found that most Japanese women who were there had high morals and were dedicated to making a happy home for their husbands and children.

Hideko Imamura
Yokohama

TIME's report says women are not accepted as business equals in Japan. That is not always true. I was the Los Angeles creative director for a large Japanese advertising company and feared that my presence might jeopardize the presentation we were making in Japan. My Japanese boss assured me that his colleagues have nothing against women in business–so long as the women are not Japanese.

Gerry Muir
Larchmont, N.Y.

Your issue neglected an important aspect of the Japanese music industry, which is helping to preserve and promote American jazz. The Japanese are reissuing jazz recordings, training players and inviting many American jazz musicians to perform there. While jazz is neglected in the U.S., it is thriving in Japan.

David Cason Jr.
Detroit

You fail to mention that there are approximately 5 million Japanese gay men and women who have yet to learn of gay liberation. However, there are hundreds of gay bars and bathhouses that are unexcelled anywhere in the world.

Andrew J. Betancourt
San Francisco

Had you published such unmitigated praise of the Japanese people, industry, military prowess and society 40 years ago, you would have been arrested as traitors. I know the world has changed, but you would have stepped on fewer hearts if your articles had contained less admiration and praise.

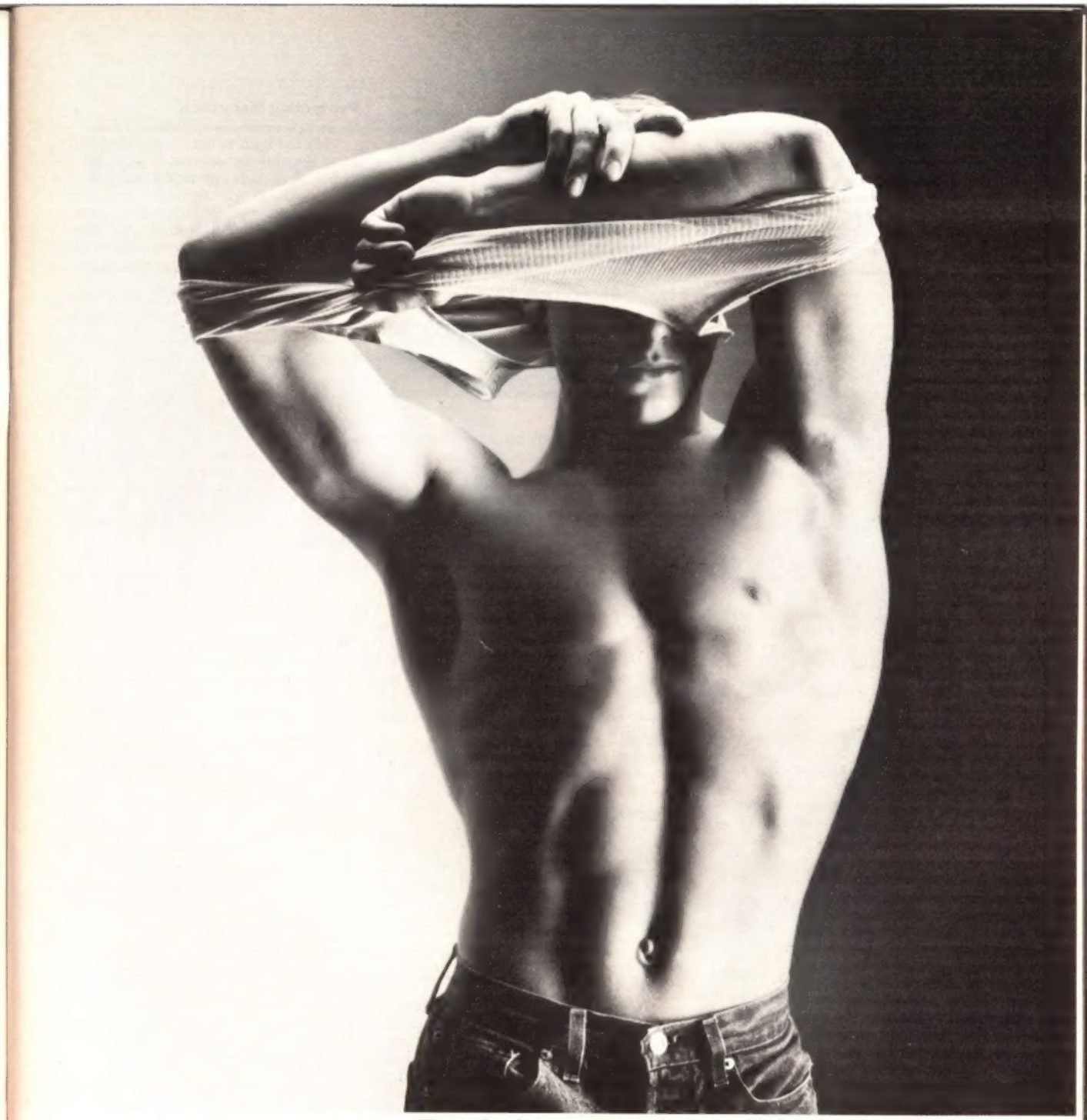
Alan Howenstine
Michigan City, Ind.

It is too bad the Japanese were not as you describe them when we met them in New Guinea and the Philippines.

Stanley J. Sharman
Thonotasassa, Fla.

Japan's "marriage of feudalism to high capitalism" may seem a perfect combination now, but wait a while. The social problems that struck America in the 1950s and 1960s—conformity, the rise of a counterculture and the illusion that growth is limitless—will inevitably rise to torment Japan too.

Cary Brazeman
Atlanta



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Letters

Re your piece on Kotaro Nohmura, the Japanese business executive: I am an American engineer. I make $50,000 a year, work eight hours a day, five days a week. I see my wife and children for breakfast, at dinner and on weekends. My eight-room house is worth $120,000 and has a $30,000 mortgage. I drive a late model American car. Now, who, would you say, has it better?

Jerry Arnolds
Randolph, Maine

As a researcher in television technology, I am acutely aware that Japanese research and development is a decade ahead of ours. Furthermore, Japan's plans for fifth-generation computers are bold and far-reaching, even by American standards. If we remain lax in this and other important scientific areas, we may find our technological edge is on the dull side of the sword.

Michael A. Isnardi
Cambridge, Mass.

You mention that San Francisco is studying the feasibility of adopting the Japanese system of the police box to control crime. Until Americans have the same strict gun-control laws as Japan, the Japanese system of the *koban* will not work in any U.S. city.

Nicholas Pogany
Clark, N.J.

I do not agree that strict gun control is one of the reasons for Japan's low rate of violent crime. The Japanese have a greater respect for law than people in North America. It is a matter of attitude toward authority rather than ownership of a weapon that dictates less violence.

Finn Nielsen
Mississauga, Ont.

If Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone is serious about the need to "publicize Japan culturally," he could begin by ending Japan's slaughter of whales. The destructive tendencies of old Japan are a matter of record. But by refusing to cooperate with international efforts to preserve these endangered species, the new Japan has yet to show that it has changed its ways.

Jeffrey Leznoff
San Francisco

The image you present of Japan is narrow, derived from peeping through the bathroom-door keyhole. The day will come when the Japanese will let go of their cultural privacy and invite us into their world. An exchange of ideas and attitudes with a nation as old and culturally complex as Japan has to be on Japanese terms. But ultimately, the Japanese will open up because they need to.

Grethe Boe Hansen
Oslo

The picture of a belching smokestack juxtaposed in front of lovely Mount Fuji

reminded me of my ascent of the mountain. I was quite surprised as well as saddened by the mounds of trash left by littering Japanese climbers. The Japanese are indeed paradoxical.

Linn Henderson
Chicago

With the help of your report, many Americans will now know more about Japan than just Sony, Toyota and sushi.

Tomoko Beebe
Lake Forest, Calif.

I was in Tokyo in September 1945 when it was a wreck, and have always wanted to go back. Your Japan issue took me there.

Harvey Twyman
Omaha

Central America Battles

Far be it from me to wish upon this nation another involvement like Viet Nam. But isn't it better to stop the Soviet- and Cuban-supported leftists in Central America [Aug. 1] now than to wait until the Communists reach the Rio Grande or Florida?

Fred W. Stine
Stroudsburg, Pa.

If the civilian death toll in El Salvador had gone from 160 a month to, say, 143, then the Reagan Administration could assert that the government of El Salvador was making progress toward protecting human rights. But you report that civilian deaths rose from 160 a month to 177 during a half-year period. How can our Government possibly claim that the human rights situation has improved?

Donald Varn
Baldwinsville, N.Y.

One is apt to forget that it is 1983 and not 1973 when one sees musty, dusty Henry Kissinger taken out of mothballs and appointed to a position where he could get the U.S. into war. Our experience in Viet Nam was enough.

Janie Carpenter
Luverne, Ala.

Protecting Moby Dick

My hat is off to the crew of the *Rainbow Warrior* for taking on the Soviet Union in its fight against the slaughter of whales [Aug. 1]. Perhaps next year Greenpeace, the environmental group that opposes whaling and ran the *Rainbow Warrior* expedition, can work on this side of the Bering Sea to stop the butchering of the poor walrus.

Floyd H. Wheeler
Nome, Alaska

Dealers in Death

The private arms dealers you describe in your story "Arms for the Ayatullah" [July 25] are frightening individuals who earn their wealth by selling death. Even more despicable are nations like South Korea and Israel that resell arms ostensibly bought for their own defense. For our "allies" to turn around and sell those weapons to Iran, where we have banned such sales, is shocking.

Leila M. Saab
Alma E. Taylor
McLean, Va.

Kissing Cousins

In your article on Americans vacationing overseas [July 25], you show a photo of a U.S. tourist kissing a Windsor Castle Guardsman in England. What would happen if I, a British citizen, attempted to kiss your President's Secret Service men? Make no mistake, that "little toy soldier" is a member of the British army and has probably served in Northern Ireland or the Falklands. I do not deny that his dress uniform is a tourist attraction, but a little respect should be shown to the man and his profession.

Valerie Strickland
Palm Bay, Fla.

Costly Parts

I am not against the military, but the story on the exploding prices of aircraft spare parts made my blood boil [July 25]. It almost makes me glad I am currently out of work, and not able to pay taxes to support this rip-off.

Steven Hanover
Converse, Ind.

I am appalled at the inflated prices that spare-parts manufacturers are charging the U.S. Government. Companies such as Bendix, Rolls-Royce and Boeing should be forced to repay the huge profits they have accumulated from this practice.

Bradley B. Howe
Kurtistown, Hawaii

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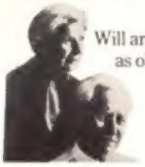

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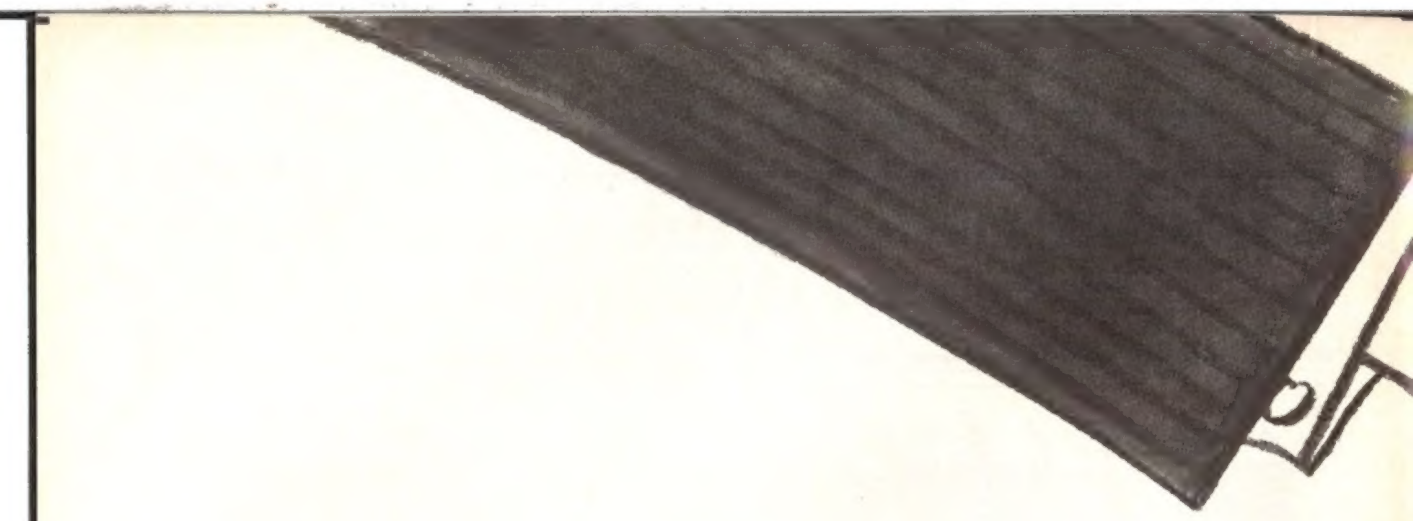

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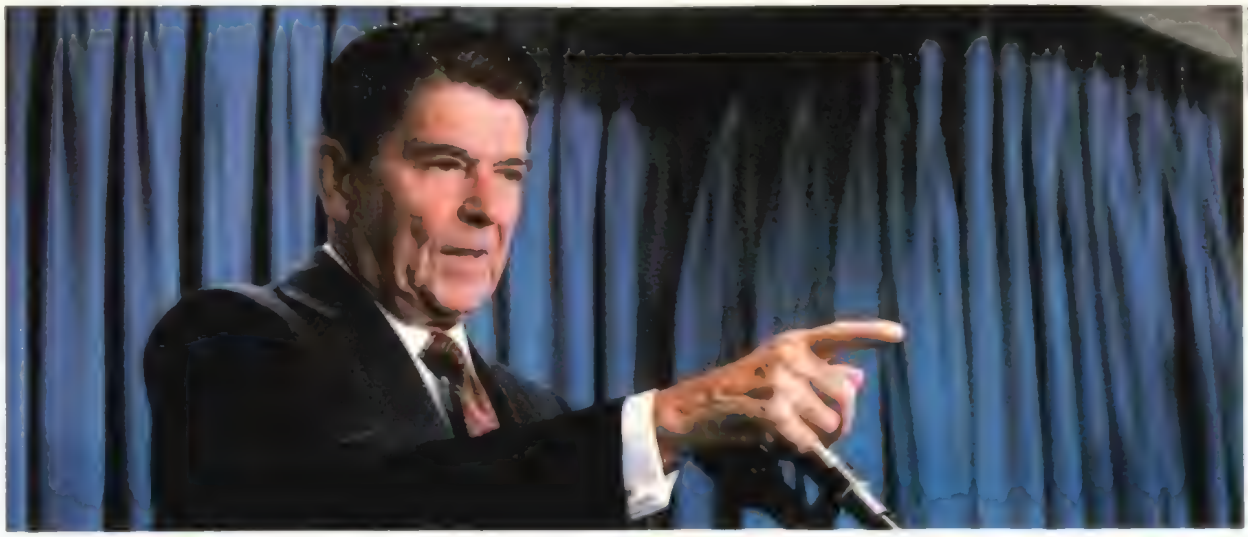


TIME/AUGUST 22, 1983

Showing the Flag

Not since Viet Nam has the U.S. flexed so much muscle abroad

For a country at peace, the U.S. is throwing its military weight around a lot these days. To be sure, no American soldiers are on the attack anywhere in the world. But the U.S. has a remarkable portion of its troops, ships and planes around the planet, including contingents from every branch of the service deployed on three continents, well within shooting distance of hot combat zones—Lebanon, Chad, Central America. This show of force represents nothing so grand or explicit as a "Reagan Doctrine." But President Reagan is clearly not a bit timid about using U.S. military might abroad to serve what he sees as important national ends. "This President," says White House Chief of Staff James Baker, "has shown that the U.S. can project American power abroad in a prudent and responsible way."

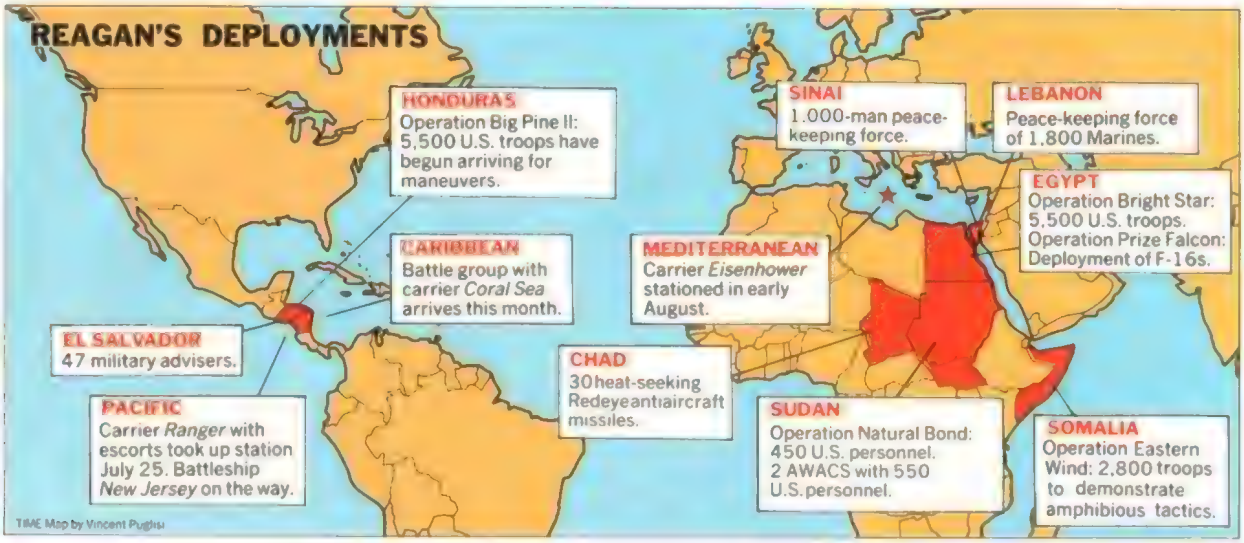
Prudent or not, U.S. power is now projected from the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli: the first of more than 5,500 Army and Marine troops landed in Honduras last week to begin months of deadly serious war games, and 550 Air Force personnel arrived in the Sudan with eight F-15 fighters, two KC-10A tankers and a pair of AWACS radar planes prepared to track Libya's Soviet-made jets bombing Chad (*see* WORLD). Whatever the arguments about its prospects in one place or another, the new expansiveness is being questioned on practical grounds. U.S. forces could be spread too thin, as the Army's Chief of Staff suggested last week.

Is the U.S. striding into a new, tough-guy phase as a world power? In the decade since the U.S. retreated from Viet Nam, Washington's foreign policy has been subject to a sometimes healthy, sometimes paralyzing fear of involvement in far-off military engagements. As a result, says a senior State Department official, "we had come to be seen by the rest of the world as irresolute, lacking consistency and the will to apply power to preserve American interests." Today, Reagan is clearly seeking to free U.S. foreign policy from the inhibiting memory of Viet Nam. But while newly confident and so far unchallenged, U.S. military moves overseas are still constrained by a residue of deep national wariness. "The American public will love a good bash if U.S. interests are directly involved," says a Cabinet member from a previous Republican Administration. "But the U.S. public is not going to tolerate our being the policeman of the world."

The Reagan Administration's willingness to send men and matériel around the world is hardly surprising. It is consistent with the President's starkly anti-Communist world view. And while his policy pronouncements sometimes seem awkward or belligerent, the President's deployments have not been reckless. Direct confrontation with the Soviets has been avoided, and U.S. casualties (six killed in Lebanon, one in El Salvador) have been few.

Indeed, the policy differences between the Carter and Reagan Administrations in this regard are less profound than they may seem. Says one National Security Council staff member: "What it comes down to is this: we're prepared to put into practice what the Carter Administration in its last year was beginning to formulate as policy." Reagan has put U.S. planes within snooping distance of Chad, but five years ago, President Carter provided Zaïre with fuel, medicine and equipment to crush a rebellion-cum-invasion there. It was the Carter Administration that promised to send an Army battalion to the Sinai peninsula to separate Israeli and Egyptian forces and encouraged the creation of a Rapid Deployment Force for quick dispatch to a possible Middle East skirmish; Reagan has simply executed those plans. Carter also resumed "nonlethal" military aid to El Salvador almost a year before Reagan took office, and approved an emergency shipment of arms to that country in the last days of his Administration.

Nevertheless, Reagan is unusually comfortable in the exercise of military power. His first summer in office, he told elements of the Navy's Sixth Fleet to steam into the Gulf of Sidra, which Muammar Gaddafi claims as Libyan territorial waters, and two of the fleet's F-14s promptly shot down a pair of attacking Libyan Su-22s. The rash, Soviet-supplied Libyan leader is a bête noire to the Ad-



ministration: last February when Gaddafi was suspected of fomenting a coup against the pro-U.S. Sudanese regime. Washington sent four AWACS to neighboring Egypt and the carrier *Nimitz* to Libya's coast.

Last week another carrier, the *Eisenhower*, was patrolling off Libya because of Gaddafi, again with AWACS near by. The President ordered the Air Force to provide the state-of-the-art radar planes and escort fighters, as well as to fly in troops from Zäire. An additional $15 million in emergency U.S. military aid is now arriving, all to fight off an attacking force made up of Libyans and Chadian rebels.

The White House clearly wants the anti-Libyan push to be Franco-American—a multilateral enterprise not unlike the four-nation Western peace-keeping force in Beirut, to which Reagan has contributed 1,800 Marines. The high-stakes Beirut experience has, in fact, reinforced White House faith in the pacifying value of a steadfast military presence: the encamped U.S. troops may not have moved Lebanon any closer to peace, but the Administration remembers vividly that a year ago, barely a week after the first Marine contingent in Beirut was pulled out, between 700 and 800 Arabs in the Palestinian refugee camps of Sabra and Shatila were massacred.

The Middle East is thick with U.S. forces just now. Beginning this month the area is the stage for Bright Star 83, maneuvers of an unprecedented breadth that will involve some 5,500 U.S. troops repelling imaginary invaders descending on Egypt, and for maneuvers in the Sudan, Somalia and Oman as well. Of the 14 U.S. AWACS planes now flying military reconnaissance missions abroad, eight are in the Middle East.

It is in Central America, however, that the Reagan military gambit is both closest to home and most hotly debated. On Wednesday, the Reagan-appointed advisory commission on the region, led by Henry Kissinger, met for the first time. As it happened, preparations for Big Pine II also began last week: an advance force of 250 U.S. soldiers was flown into Honduras, for the start of months of elaborate military exercises with that country's armed forces. The maneuvers, nominally for training purposes, have a more important strategic intent as well: Reagan wants to intimidate the leftist insurgents in El Salvador and, even more, the Sandinista government of Nicaragua that supports them.

A strong U.S. naval presence off both Nicaraguan coasts is intended to apply still more pressure. The aircraft carrier *Coral Sea* is en route across the Atlantic. The Seventh Fleet carrier *Ranger* and its seven escort ships, which left the Pacific coast late last week, are due to be replaced soon by the battleship *New Jersey*. Before the Seventh Fleet ships left they displayed their firepower off the Nicaraguan shore. With Salvadoran President Alvaro Magaña aboard, the *Ranger* sent up 16 of its planes for roaring aerobatics, with bombing (500-lb. ordnance) and strafing practice, while near by the destroyer *Fife* fired off a fusillade of 75-lb. shells. An obviously impressed Magaña gushed, "I am very glad they are on my side." But Rodolfo Castillo Claramount, a leader of El Salvador's moderate Christian Democrats, pleads for more than war games: "If these shows of strength are not accompanied by an equal effort to strengthen democracy, then they are bad."

Magaña viewing an air show aboard *Ranger*
"I am very glad they are on my side."

Administration officials contend, probably with some justice, that the displays of power on several fronts have already made Nicaragua and even Cuba more conciliatory. They claim that underwriting a 10,000-man force of anti-Sandinista Nicaraguan guerrillas, *contras*, who fight from bases in Honduras, is designed to achieve the same end. The concern among observers is whether the White House policy managers are adept enough at this delicate diplomatic and military game to know when to call off the troops and strike a bargain. So far, however, U.S. allies seem comparatively unalarmed by Reagan's military responses. René Herrmann of the Atlantic Institute for International Affairs, a think tank in Paris, voices the cautious European diplomatic view: "The question is whether the U.S. risks trying to play too tough a game in a conflict that is basically second-rate."

For Reagan and most of his advisers, even "second-rate" conflicts, like that in Chad, are worth joining if there is a chance to frustrate the Soviet Union or its client states. William Taylor, a former West Point colonel now at Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies, approves of the Administration's eagerness to help fight small, tangentially anti-Soviet battles around the world. But he realizes that the public is not as bully for military adventures as some in the White House and

Pentagon. "I think they're fooling themselves," says Taylor, "if they believe that there's a silent majority eager to support an interventionist policy."

At his press conference last week, the President was asked if he considers it "the American role to play policeman around the world," a role seldom disputed by Americans before Viet Nam. "No," Reagan said, "it is not." But a moment later, with explanatory references to potential cutoffs of sea lanes and of strategic minerals and oil, he did sound something like an international cop. "[The U.S. role] is to recognize that the threats can be widespread, the threats to our security."

Too many, his definition of threats probably seems dangerously broad. But the Administration could be forced by practical considerations to decide which military missions are really vital, and which merely seem desirable. The Army's plain-spoken new Chief of Staff, General John Wickham *(see following story)*, came close to warning that the U.S. has taken on more military responsibilities than it can handle. The U.S. "contingency needs," the general said, "probably exceed the force capabilities." In other words, with almost half of his 791,000-troop Army now overseas, Wickham, like many of his colleagues, feels logistically overcommitted.

But the Pentagon still gives high marks to Reagan. The Joint Chiefs like his uncomplicated, almost uncritical enthusiasm for military power. Unless one of Reagan's far-flung operations backfires badly, aides say he is not likely to shrink from the dispatch of U.S. military might for a show of force whenever he deems it useful.

The next six months will test and, depending on events in Central America or other war zones, could radically change that tough-and-ready policy. During a one-month period early next year, the Big Pine II troops are scheduled to leave Honduras, the Kissinger commission is due to complete its recommendations for U.S. Central American policy and El Salvador has promised its first free election of a President. Perhaps more significantly, way up north in New Hampshire the U.S. presidential primary season begins officially: from now on, domestic political considerations will figure more and more in any Administration plans for foreign military endeavors. "Intervention doesn't have a serious political downside," says a White House official, "until American soldiers and airmen get shot at or killed."

Barring any tragic incidents, Reagan's muscular foreign policy is likely to remain both flexed and relatively flexible. If Reagan has not quite donned the complete uniform of the world's policeman (the costume Presidents have worn for most of the 20th century) he has been swinging the nightstick as though he means it. ***—By Kurt Andersen. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett and Gregory H. Wierzynski/Washington***

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

How to Do Nothing Well

In a way, the great power game being played around the globe is made to order for an actor. The object is to do nothing for real.

John Kennedy once pointed that out. He reviewed the Atlantic Fleet in 1962 from behind a huge windscreen on the bow of the heavy cruiser *Northampton* as it steamed between two columns of hulking warships. The crew of each ship lined the deck and fired a salute as it surged by Kennedy.

He was profoundly affected by the event, and he mused about it for weeks. "I felt like Teddy Roosevelt," he joked. But on further reflection, he came to an important realization. "What do you do with all those ships?" he asked himself, then answered his own question: "If you are smart, nothing." Exactly.

Twice in the past four decades we miscalculated, and we had war in Korea and Viet Nam. The worry now is whether Ronald Reagan can perceive the fine line between drama and reality.

Displaying military power, with all its bands and thunder, can become dangerously addictive. And dispatching battle units can begin to look like the cleanest, easiest exercise of power that a President can undertake. The ships and planes are magnificent machines, the crews totally responsive. Orders are instantly carried out, unlike those given in the glutenous world of Government.

JIM MAHAN—LIFE

For display: J.F.K. at a Florida airbase in 1962

Sometimes the moment of command is unforgettable, its recollection stirring. Lyndon Johnson told and retold the story of standing in the White House situation room and ordering Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara to send the Sixth Fleet toward the warring Middle East in 1967 to protect American interests. During such retellings, Johnson acted as if he could feel the great hulls shudder and begin to wheel around after he spoke a few quiet words. Oh what a lovely war.

But when Johnson played the same part in Viet Nam, he produced a tragedy. Presidential commands produced casualties. The bands were off-key. Bluster was meaningless in that jungle. Theater *vérité*.

Yet those who would opt only for prayer and stickless diplomacy are of just as much concern as Reagan. For instance, Senator Edward Kennedy wants to have Congress order Reagan to keep the fleet from maneuvering in Central American waters: an idea that is probably as unconstitutional as it is bad.

His view of history is very dim. John Kennedy back in 1961 loaded up the Marines and primed the Navy's airplanes and sent the Seventh Fleet into the South China Sea to hunker near Laos and impress the Communist Pathet Lao, which was gobbling up the country with Moscow's encouragement. The Marines never got into combat, but the display of force helped bring some allies to our side and finally produce a vague standoff in the battle.

The same year, after the Berlin Wall went up and the Soviets interfered with access to West Berlin, President Kennedy once more turned to a military display. He ordered 1,500 troops of the U.S. 8th Division to form a battle group and drive in armored trucks 110 miles through East Germany along the Helmstedt-Berlin autobahn. Critics called the move too provocative. Kennedy believed it a crucial symbol of his determination. The battle group made an uninterrupted journey and was effusively greeted in Berlin by Vice President Lyndon Johnson.

There is no sure script written for the leading man in this continuing drama. But when a President begins to fancy the marching bands too much, he had better go to a prayer meeting or two.

Then, about the time he is convinced that meditation in hushed sanctuaries can solve the world's problems, as Jimmy Carter once believed, the President had better get back to the parade ground and relish the martial strains of *The Stars and Stripes Forever*.

Army Maneuver

Wickham spreads the blame

As senior military adviser to Secretaries of Defense over the years, Army General John A. Wickham Jr. learned much about the ways of Washington. For example: there are times when the military is expected to shoulder full responsibility for its snafus, and there are other times when it makes sense to spread the blame around. Last week, in his first meeting with reporters since being made Army Chief of Staff in June, Wickham deemed the climate right for straight talk. In any fair-minded parceling out of responsibility for the military's mounting problems with weapons systems that cost shockingly more than planned and still do not work, said Wickham, full shares should be assigned to both U.S. industry and the U.S. Congress.

DIANA WALKER

Outspoken general

The general blamed private industry for turning out weapons and other equipment riddled with faulty materials and shoddy workmanship. "There are some things I can get emotional about, and quality control is one of them," he said. "The Department of Defense could save billions if we could have better quality assurance." The failure of contractors to deliver on such assurances, Wickham said, has plagued everything from weapons systems to the most mundane matériel. The electronic weaponry of the Patriot ground-to-air missile was so failure-prone that the Army has decided to stop testing it for now. Until recently the Copperhead guided artillery projectile was beset with targeting problems. Even fatigue uniforms are not immune: one shipment shrank on being laundered.

The weapons system whose testing has recently caused the most embarrassment to the Army is the Pershing II missile, which is scheduled for deployment in West Germany four months from now but has failed in five of its 16 experimental firings. Every one of the misfires, Wickham charged, was the result of quality-control problems. Pershing's contractor is the Martin Marietta Corp., with headquarters in Bethesda, Md. Army officials familiar with the program explained that the most recent test, on July 27, was botched because of improperly placed shims, or washers, in the hot-thrust section of the missile. Glitches that have caused other failures include a faulty hydraulic pump and a misplaced wire that led to a short circuit. Officials of Martin Marietta declined to respond to Wickham's blast.

Turning to Congress, Wickham accused the legislative branch of having "aggravated" problems surrounding another of the Army's headache projects, the M-1 Abrams tank. Deliveries of the AGT-1500C turbine engines for the huge (120,023-lb.) vehicles have been so slow that the Army has been forced to cannibalize the power plants of field-tested units and use them on tanks coming off the production line. Under Secretary of the Army James R. Ambrose estimates that this ripout process has cost "well over a million dollars so far." Yet a House-Senate conference committee refused to allow the Army to choose a second manufacturer. The apparent reason: members bowed to pressures from New England legislators to keep the jobs dependent on it with the current contractor, Avco Corp.'s Lycoming Division in Stratford, Conn.

The Army's agreement with Avco contains no penalty clauses for late delivery, a loophole Wickham called "a contract deficiency." Moreover, the Army waited so long before even considering the possibility of going to a second supplier that, given the two to three years start-up time, it may now be too late. Noting that both Wickham and Ambrose were appointed by the White House, one Army officer summed up: "The Administration is shooting rubber bullets at Congress and the contractors. Nothing very lethal is involved." ■

State of the Art

A commission gets rolling

It seemed like old times last week as Henry Kissinger settled behind the desk in his State Department office, surrounded by diplomats, top-secret documents and photographers. The former Secretary of State has returned to Foggy Bottom in a new incarnation: chairman of the twelve-member National Bipartisan Commission on Central America. Of course, his office digs are not quite as opulent as they were when he was running the place. He has been assigned a modest, first-floor suite with an unprepossessing view of a wall, a far cry from the panoramic scene of Washington's monuments he once enjoyed. But Kissinger is not complaining.

The energetic diplomat who made shuttle diplomacy famous during the Nixon and Ford Administrations has maintained a whirlwind pace ever since his controversial appointment by President Reagan last month. He has conferred with congressional leaders and huddled with the top-ranking diplomats of Mexico, Panama, Colombia and Venezuela, the so-called Contadora group that is seeking a negotiated settlement in the region. He has also talked with the envoys of all the Central American nations involved in the conflict, including the new ambassador from the U.S.-opposed Sandinista regime in Nicaragua. But, amid all the activity, Kissinger still found time to settle the critical issue of where his car would be parked in the State Department garage. The agreement: right next to Secretary of State George Shultz's.

The Kissinger commission is charged with recommending a long-term U.S. policy on Central America capable of winning widespread national support. No easy matter: even before the panel was sworn in last week, Democrat Henry Cisneros, the mayor of San Antonio and one of two Hispanic commission members, publicly criticized the Administration's Central American policy as "wrong and potentially dangerous." Meanwhile, conservative groups and some Cuban exiles pressured the White House to oust Reagan's other Hispanic appointee, Cuban-born Carlos F. Diaz-Alejandro, a Yale University economics professor, because of his alleged sympathies with Cuban Leader Fidel Castro. But Reagan insisted at a press conference that he hoped the entire commission, some members of which have not yet cleared routine security checks, would be passed "intact."

Kissinger remained circumspect about his own views on Central America. "On issues like this," he told the commission, "there are no partisan considerations, and we will submit the fullest and fairest report of which we are capable." The report is due on Feb. 1. ■

Already the characteristic whirlwind pace: Kissinger in his no-nonsense Foggy Bottom office

"We will submit the fullest and fairest report of which we are capable."

Soviet Runaway

Row over a diplomat's son

For 16-year-old Andrei Berezhkov, time in America was growing short. The son of Soviet Diplomat Valentin Berezhkov, 67, a first secretary at his country's Washington embassy, Andrei had spent most of his teens in the U.S., and now, after a year of high school in the U.S.S.R., was back for a summer visit. It might be the last, since the elder Berezhkov is shortly due for reposting. One evening last week, Andrei left his family's Bethesda, Md., apartment in an embassy car and simply disappeared. His father notified police, but before they could locate the young runaway, Valentin called again to report that his son had returned home safely. End of incident.

Or was it? During Andrei's daylong absence, letters arrived at the White House and the Washington bureau of the New York *Times*. "I hate my country and it's [*sic*] rules and I love your country," said the writer to the *Times*. "I want to stay here." It was signed Andy Berezhkov.

The State Department notified the Soviet embassy that it will "insist" on interviewing Andrei, presumably to learn whether he wants to defect, before the youth is permitted to leave the country. A Soviet official, contending that the letters were forgeries, accused the U.S. of creating a "clear provocation." For his part, "Andy" was incommunicado. ■

Playing Games

Data banks become kids' stuff

"It was really easy," said one of the perpetrators. "It didn't take too much intelligence to get into the things."

In the movie *WarGames*, a bright teen-ager uses his home computer to gain access to the key U.S. military computer. Inspired by the film, a group of youths, including Explorer Scouts from a troop taught and sponsored by IBM in Milwaukee, used their home computers to penetrate a dozen computers in the U.S. and Canada. Included were Security Pacific National Bank in Los Angeles and the nuclear weapons laboratory in Los Alamos, N. Mex., both of which insisted that no real harm had been done. As of last week, all that the ten young people, ages 15 to 22, had set off was an FBI investigation.

The youngsters' prank was feasible because most of the penetrated computers had been linked by GTE Telenet Inc., which provides access to computer systems in 325 U.S. cities and 50 nations. Ron Zeitz, Telenet's public affairs director, said that gifted amateurs do occasionally get into unclassified data banks, but that classified military data are virtually impossible to intercept. *WarGames*, said Zeitz, is "a delightful movie, but it just couldn't happen that way." ■

After the splurge: former Chicago Mayor Jane Byrne with Husband Jay McMullen

Stings from the Windy City

Concerning the courts, Jane Byrne and Jim Thompson

Chicago bills itself as "the city that works," and anyone familiar with the way it works soon realizes that the secret to smooth functioning is regular nourishment—preferably of the green, folding variety. Examples of this approach—questionable and just plain illegal—regularly come to public attention. But last week even some jaded Chicagoans were shaking their heads over the current run of jinks, high as well as low, being aired.

Potentially the most far-reaching scandal involved the Cook County circuit court, the nation's largest such unified system. The court for the past three years has been the target of an undercover federal investigation conducted by about 200 members of the Justice Department and the FBI. Local judicial circles were speculating that indictments would eventually implicate individuals at every level, from judges who accept case-fixing bribes, to lawyers who offer them, to police officers and clerks who act as go-betweens.

The probe started when FBI agents opened a law office on La Salle Street and joined the knots of attorney "hustlers" who hang around many courtrooms drumming up business. One frequently offered service: asking clients for upfront money "to pay off the judge." The Feds evidently infiltrated judicial ranks with at least one visiting informer-judge: flamboyant downstate Circuit Judge Brocton Lockwood of Marion, who claims that he collected evidence of payoffs with a tape recorder stuffed into his cowboy boots. Lockwood found that the going rate to fix a drunken-driving charge is $500 to $700.

Meanwhile, former Chicago Mayor Jane Byrne, who knows something about purges, has popped into the headlines because of her splurges. Byrne, who was beaten after one term in office by Harold Washington in last February's Democratic primary, recently filed a campaign financial report with the state as required by law. It revealed that the then mayor paid her husband Jay McMullen, an ex-newspaperman, the extravagant sum of $166,000 for his work in the past year as a consultant to her campaign, while she paid out another $14,175 to her 25-year-old daughter Kathy for secretarial work. There is nothing illegal about such payments, and her campaign was not hurting for funds: Byrne had raised a record $10.6 million. But her campaign committee is currently $270,000 in debt, and Byrne still managed to find a loose $4,066 in its treasury to finance, with trade-in, a brand-new black Mustang. Byrne defended the purchase because it was a "political car." Does that mean that Chicagoans will get to see Jane run yet again? Said Byrne: "I lost, but I didn't die."

For his part, Illinois Republican Governor James Thompson did neither when he was up for re-election last November, but he came close enough to defeat: his margin of victory was a mere 5,074 votes. Last week the Washington *Post* reported that in the middle of Thompson's hard-fought race he altered the method by which Illinois' weekly unemployment statistics are reported to the U.S. Labor Department. The gambit, which is used by other states and met with no objection from the Labor Department, conveniently maintained Illinois' unemployment-insurance payment rate at precisely the level needed to keep residents who had been out of work for more than 26 weeks on the federal rolls. As a result, some 50,000 jobless continued to receive unemployment checks, when under the old method the state would have been ruled ineligible. Thompson was unfazed. "I fought to stay on the program," he said. "To have done less would have been the scandal." ■

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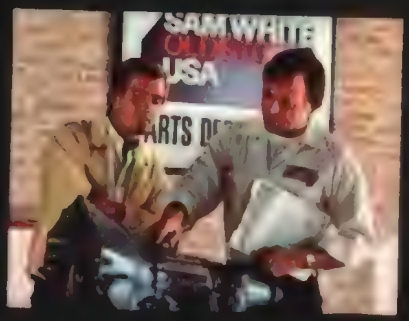

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The Triumphs of a Prairie Populist

South Dakota cashes in with an aggressive, pro-business program

"We are the bankingest town in the U.S.," declares Herb Bowden, president of Sencore Inc., a manufacturer of electronic-testing equipment. The town's mayor is more precise. "Citibank," Mayor Rick Knobe says proudly, "moved us from a known regional entity to a newcomer on the national and international scale."

Bowden and Knobe do not live in Miami or Chicago, Dallas or Los Angeles. Their improbable new financial capital: Sioux Falls, S. Dak. "We used to have such an image of cowboys and Indians," recalls Bowden, "when I would go to New York, the guys in the bar would give me a big war whoop. Now they say, 'Oh, you're from South Dakota, where you have good tax laws and where industry is moving in.' " Kind of stilted talk for bar chatter, perhaps, but apt. Sioux Falls (pop. 81,000) and the rest of South Dakota are in the midst of a self-made, state-wide economic renaissance. Says Governor William Janklow, 43, a rawhide Republican: "I showed 'em we can do business out here."

Indeed he has. Citibank, which has moved its credit-card operation to the city, broke ground in June for its third building in three years. With 1,200 employees in Sioux Falls, South Dakota's largest city, the bank is now the state's No. 3 employer. By 1985 Citibank expects to hire as many as 600 more people.

The boom is bigger, however, than just one bank. In the past decade the state's population increased by just 25,000 (to 690,000), but the number of nonagricultural jobs has grown by 60,000. South Dakota ranked third in the nation in per capita income growth in 1982.

Perhaps the state's main attraction for business is not what it has but what it does not have: pollution, congestion, crime (third-lowest rate in the U.S.), personal or corporate income taxes or, especially, restrictive banking laws. In 1980 the state became one of the first to abolish the usury limit on interest rates that banks may charge. In addition, Janklow, who then had been Governor barely a year, rammed a second bill through the legislature that included a specific invitation to an eager Citibank to relocate its credit-card computers. Financial institutions in Michigan and neighboring Nebraska have asked if they can transfer their credit-card operations too. Last spring Janklow persuaded the legislature to agree in effect that all is laissez-faire in economic war: South Dakota was the first state to make it easy for banks to buy insurance companies and thus expand their consumer services. The Governor mailed engraved announcements of the deregulation to the 100 largest U.S. banks. Last month Citicorp won the state banking commission's permission to buy a state-chartered bank in Rapid City.

The Governor has also given the state's more traditional enterprises special attention. The Milwaukee Road rail net-work went bankrupt in 1977 leaving farmers with no easy way to ship corn and wheat. Janklow engineered an improbable railroad resuscitation plan. With revenue from a special sales-tax increase, the state bought 1,316 miles of track and contracted with Burlington Northern to operate the freight trains. Earlier this summer, as Janklow drove through Mitchell (pop. 14,000), he shouted, "There's my railroad! Those are some of my rail cars!"

In the city of Mitchell, Governor Janklow points with pride to the railroad he helped rescue

"He would be much more comfortable in a benevolent dictatorship than a democracy."

Janklow is not afraid to endorse what are usually Democratic policies, such as state bonding programs to provide low-interest loans to home buyers and students. Comments South Dakota Secretary of Water and Natural Resources Bob Neufeld: "Where in the Republican philosophy does it fit that a state should own its own railroads? The Governor fits into the mold of what you would call a progressive." Last fall Janklow won a second term, by law his last, with 71% of the vote, the greatest margin of victory ever in a South Dakota gubernatorial race.

The Governor's hard-charging style, encouraged by a better than 2-to-1 G.O.P. majority in the legislature, has its detractors. "At times I've felt he's the most dangerous politician I've ever met," says Republican State Senator Don Frankenfeld, manager of the E.F. Hutton office in Rapid City. "He would be much more comfortable in a benevolent dictatorship than a democracy." Asserts State Democratic Chairman Robert Williams: "He's a very strong person. I wouldn't call it a dictatorship, but it's as close as you can get."

Janklow's hip shots rattle some fellow Midwestern Governors as well. They are peeved by his raids on their states' business firms. Cracks Minnesota Governor Rudy Perpich about his western neighbor: "I concede only that they're No. 1 in prairie dogs." Perpich has reason to be resentful. Since 1969 as many as 100 Minnesota companies either have moved to South Dakota or have built new plants there.

Janklow has acquired an anti-Indian reputation, despite six years of service as a Legal Aid lawyer on his state's Rosebud reservation. A decade ago, as the state attorney general's chief prosecutor, he launched something of a one-man legal war against Dennis Banks and the American Indian Movement. When California Governor Jerry Brown refused to extradite Banks, who had jumped bail after a 1975 South Dakota riot and assault conviction and fled to California, Janklow announced that in retaliation scores of South Dakota defendants had been allowed to avoid prosecution on the condition that they move to California. Quiet discretion is not his strong suit. Earlier this year the Governor filed two libel suits against publishers because they had repeated an unproven allegation that Janklow raped an Indian teen-ager in 1967.

An ex-Marine, Janklow, 5 ft. 10 in. and 225 lbs., calls himself "the world's best fat-man water skier." He has padded around the Governor's mansion in bunny pajamas. He drives a Corvette and a pick-up truck and, while Governor, has been ticketed for speeding on his Yamaha 1100 motorcycle. He presides over an annual birthday "sock hop" in a greaser's T shirt. But most of Janklow's constituents look beyond the quirks. Admits Frankenfeld: "He's given South Dakotans a sense of pride in their state they haven't felt before." —*By Kurt Andersen. Reported by J. Madeleine Nash/Sioux Falls*

COVER STORIES

Seeking Votes and Clout

Jesse Jackson spearheads a new black drive for political power

Run, Jesse, run! Run, Jesse, run! The chants roll toward him, rumbling like a pent-up storm, rising to the rafters and the stained-glass portrait of the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. With the practiced rhythms of preacher and pitchman, he launches his sermon on power. "There's a freedom train acoming," he intones. "But you got to be registered to ride." *Amen!* "Get on board! Get on board!" There is fire in his eyes, a pin in his starched collar, a finger in the air. "We can move from the slave ship to the championship! From the guttermost to the uppermost! From the outhouse to the courthouse! From the statehouse to the White House!" The well-dressed congregation of the First African Methodist Episcopal Church in Los Angeles erupts with the same chant that has resounded in the Delta country of Mississippi, in Chicago, in Atlanta. It is a rising cry that the self-styled country preacher seems less and less likely to resist. *Run, Jesse, run! Run, Jesse, run!*

Jesse Louis Jackson, 41, the illegitimate son of a South Carolina high school student has for 15 years sought to don the mantle of his mentor Martin Luther King Jr. By turns he can be fascinating and frightening, inspiring and irritating, charismatic and controversial. And so too is the crusade he has been considering. On one level it would be the ultimate embodiment of the American political ideal, an affirmation that every child of the nation, yes even a black one, can some day seek the presidency. Yet on another level, it would be as far removed from conventional politics as Jackson is removed from conventional politicians

The rally in Los Angeles a week ago marked Jackson's latest tentative step toward becoming a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination. His "exploratory committee," led by Mayor Richard Hatcher of Gary, Ind., officially became the Jesse Jackson Presidential Advisory Committee. Its purpose is to conduct a poll and sound out black leaders to see if there is sufficient support for such a race. But most of the leaders who are on the committee seem already to have made up their minds. Hatcher reminds the audience in the adobe-colored church that Americans like to tell their children that if they work hard enough they can grow up to be President. "I have one proposition to leave you with," he says. "Either we ought to stop lying to our children or we ought to start believing it and doing the things necessary to make it

come true." Bishop H.H. Brookins takes the podium to ridicule the large number of black officeholders who are wary, even downright disapproving, of a Jackson candidacy. "We did not have to ask black elected officials what they thought we should do, because after all we elected them!" he preaches. "If not now, when? If not Jesse, who?"

For the past few months, Jackson has been crisscrossing the country conducting voter-registration revival meetings to bring blacks into the political process. He will cry: "We need 10,000 blacks running for office from Virginia around to Texas—county clerks, supervisors, sheriffs, judges, legislators, Governors—Just run! Run! Run!" His audience will interrupt: *Run, Jesse, run! Run, Jesse, run!* "When you run, the masses register and vote. When you run, you put your program on the front burner. If you run, you might lose. If you don't run, you're guaranteed to lose." And the chant for him to run sounds again. In creating such fervor, raising such grass-roots expectations, he leaves himself little choice but to take their advice. But perhaps more important, they are taking his. Blacks are registering to vote and running for office in a groundswell of activism that promises to alter permanently the political balance on local, state and national levels.

Preaching in Los Angeles: "We can move from the statehouse to the White House"

Indeed, the significance of a potential Jackson candidacy comes not from whatever chance he would have of being a broker at a deadlocked convention (probably very little) or the possibility that he might actually win (virtually none at all). On the contrary, he could even injure the black cause, as many leaders have been quick to point out, by drawing support away from liberal candidates like Walter Mondale. His crusade also threatens to cause deep divisions within the ranks of black leadership, and it could strain the relationship between blacks and the Democratic Party.

But in the view of Jackson's supporters, a candidacy could significantly reshape the 1984 political landscape for the better and help the Democratic Party oust Ronald Reagan. If black voter participation increases 25% by the time of the general election, Reagan could lose eight states that he won in 1980—Alabama, Arkansas, Massachusetts, Mississippi, New York, North Carolina, South Carolina and Tennessee—even if he should get the same percentage of white votes he did then. In Alabama, for example, where Reagan won by 17,462 votes, there were 272,390 unregistered blacks. Even in New York there are 900,000 unregistered blacks (55% of those eligible), more than five times as many as Reagan's 1980 margin of victory there.

The excitement generated by Jackson's potential campaign reflects, and contributes to, a resurgence of black political activism not seen since the 1960s. "We've spent at least ten years being mostly dormant," says Robert Starks, a professor of inner-city studies at Northeastern Illinois University. "The only people that were busy were the Jesse Helms types. Now we're going to do them one better."

This political reawakening was spurred in part by Reagan's domestic budget cuts and perceived insensitivity to civil rights. "Reagan has been a stimulant, no question about it," says Joseph Lowery, president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (S.C.L.C.). The surprise victory of Harold Washington in the Chicago mayoral race last April showed blacks anew that the voting booth could be a path to power. So did W. Wilson Goode's triumph in the Democratic primary race for mayor of Philadelphia. Jackson has been one of many leaders who have helped channel this renewed political interest into increased voter registration. "Jesse Jackson's idea and Ronald Reagan's reality have committed black people to the political process like we have never been committed before," says Michael Lomax, chairman of the board of commissioners in Fulton County, Ga.

Signing up voters in Mississippi: "There's a freedom train acoming."

There were already strong signs in 1982 of growing political involvement. Black turnout went from 37% in the off-year elections of 1978 to 43% last year, twice the percentage increase of white voters. The gap between black and white turnout fell to a historic low of 7%, and in nine states, including Illinois, blacks were reported voting in a greater proportion than whites. And the number of black state legislators increased by 35, to 355, the largest jump ever. Nevertheless, the total of 5,160 black officials nationwide represents only about 1% of all elective offices.

The most concerted voter-registration efforts this year have taken place in the South. Radio stations will soon be blaring a new rock beat, prepared by the Atlanta-based Voter Education Project (V.E.P.). "You're not fully a citizen. In this great country. If you don't register. To vote!" Lowery was on the road last week accom-

panied by local black leaders cajoling the unregistered to sign up. Each weekend in Miami there is a "voter jamboree" with registration tables set up in local shopping centers; blacks hope to win two seats on the city commission there this fall. In Atlanta, the Majik Market chain of convenience stores has agreed to use its outlets as voter-registration sites. The overall goal of the V.E.P. is to register 350,000 new voters in eleven Southern states by the end of the year, says Executive Director Geraldine Thompson.

Although most of the nitty-gritty work is being done by the S.C.L.C., the V.E.P. and the N.A.A.C.P., the point man, catalyst and Pied Piper of the registration crusade has been Jesse Jackson. No matter that other black officials are often grudging in their praise and that they resent the publicity he attracts with his flashy appearances. "Groups do work when Jesse's not around, when the reporters and cameras aren't there," says veteran Activist and Atlanta City Councilman John Lewis. Yet most admit that the flamboyant and magnetic Jackson and the "Southern Crusade" run by his Operation PUSH (People United to Serve Humanity) have helped spark excitement among rural blacks. "After he came, enthusiasm really revived, especially among the 18-to-24-year-olds," says Thompson.

Jackson conducts his crusade with the fervor of an old-style revivalist, sometimes appearing at as many as 40 rallies a week. "All those who are not registered stand up!" he yells. Dozens of young blacks sheepishly rise. "I want you to walk right down here and get registered now!" he says, indicating the registration tables. "Isn't that wonderful! Give them a big hand!"

In Mississippi, which held state and local primaries this month, the voter-registration effort has been the largest and most successful since the passage of the 1965 Voting Rights Act. An estimated 40,000 new voters were registered since May, increasing black registration by about 11%. Aiding the effort were Georgia State Senator Julian Bond, Atlanta Mayor Andrew Young and Martin Luther King III, son of the slain civil rights leader. And, of course, Jesse Jackson, who staged a three-day barnstorming car caravan through the Delta country to spark a record black turnout in the primaries.

Jackson also persuaded William Bradford Reynolds, the patrician chief of the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division, to come to Mississippi to see for himself the need for more vigorous enforcement of federal voting-rights laws. Reynolds, who heard tale after tale of the difficulties of trying to register and vote, ended his trip by entwining arms with Jackson and other black leaders to sing *We Shall Overcome*. Within days, the Justice Department dispatched ten additional registrars to sign up voters, and later it sent 322 observers to monitor the primaries. The results: an increase of 13% in the black vote from comparable previous primaries, a black victory over a white incumbent for a seat in the legislature, and a respectable, if not overwhelming, showing by black candidates for local offices across the state.

This week the N.A.A.C.P., which hopes to register 2 million voters nationwide in 1983, will shift its focus north. It will set out on an "Overground Railroad" to reach unregistered blacks, traveling from Covington, Ky., to Detroit along a route of the antebellum Underground Railroad that helped slaves escape from the South.

As was shown by successes in Chicago and Philadelphia, the best way to register blacks in a city is to have a black running at the top of the ticket, a lesson not lost on Jesse Jackson. In Boston, Melvin King, a black former state representative, is pursuing what was once considered a hopeless race for mayor. With 2,000 new voters registering each week, King is now given an outside chance of scoring an upset in the nine-candidate race. Harold Washington went to Boston last week and endorsed King at a rally attended by 1,000 in the heart of the mostly black Roxbury district. "Register, register, register," the crowd chanted. When it was over, some 400 had.

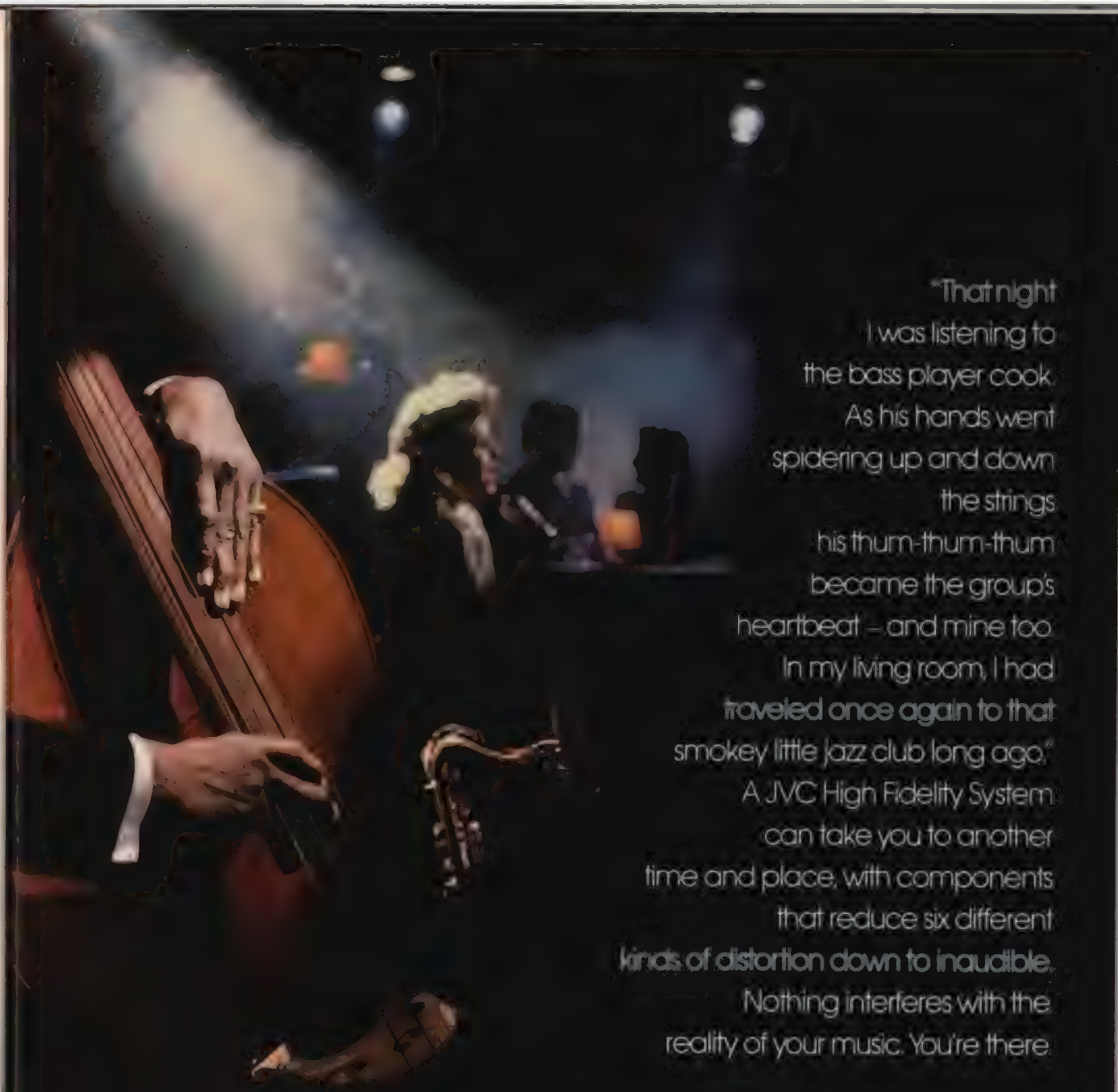
Jackson may not be the main cause of this revival in black political participation, but he has been its most visible Tom Paine and its public symbol. He frightens some as a demagogue, annoys others as a gadfly and provokes intense hatred in a few people with his grandstanding style. Yet he has been, and clearly plans to remain, the most watched and quoted black leader since Martin Luther King Jr.

His drive to win, to be acclaimed and applauded, was forged during his childhood in Greenville, S.C., where he strove to overcome the taunts of "Jesse ain't got no daddy." Says he: "I was made aware of the odds of survival as a child. I'm still fighting those odds and defying those odds." He made the honor roll and starred in football. "My teachers did not teach me there was a ceiling on my aspirations." He was elected a student-body officer and was a member of the French club. "In church, I learned that I was God's child." He left high school with a football scholarship to the University of Illinois.

But it was when he went north to college that he felt in full force the humiliation of racial discrimination, both on the football team and in the college's fraternity life. So he transferred back south to predominantly black North Carolina Agricultural and Technical State University in Greensboro, where the student sit-ins were just beginning. Upon graduating, he entered a three-year program at Chicago Theological Seminary. But in 1965, after watching on television the brutal beatings in Selma, Ala., he left before getting his degree (he was later ordained a Baptist minister) and joined Martin Luther King Jr.'s staff at the S.C.L.C.

There occurs during the lives of most ambitious political figures a process of mythmaking, often self-induced. For Jackson, this began when King was shot on a motel balcony in Memphis. The 26-year-old activist appeared on the news shows the following morning in a sweatshirt he said had been smeared with the blood of the martyr. He was the last person King talked to, he said, and he had cradled the dying leader in his arms. Others who were there dispute the story. Jackson, never overburdened with humility, now takes a biblical view of the bickering, invoking his own "Peter principle." Says he: "Peter was with Jesus physically, but Paul interpreted Jesus better than Peter did. Peter and them got jealous of Paul and tried to ax him out based on longevity." Those with a more earthly view of their mission feel the incident is representative of Jackson's tendency to usurp the limelight in his bid to follow King as America's pre-eminent black leader.

King's successor as head of the S.C.L.C., Ralph Abernathy, gave the ambitious young man a gritty assignment that, says Jackson, no one else wanted: mayor of Resurrection City, the tent encampment established on the Washington Mall during the 1968 Poor People's Campaign



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the bass player cook.
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spidering up and down
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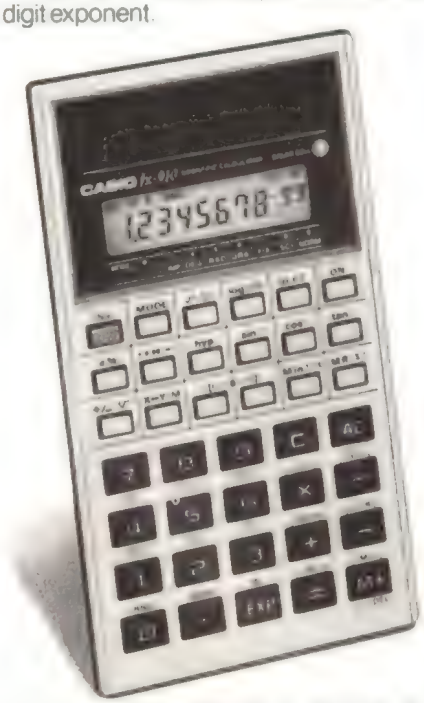

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One bleak, rainy day, a litany inviting antiphony sprang to Jackson's lips that became his slogan and made him a celebrity. He preached to the suffering campers: "Say I am somebody." *I am somebody.* "I may be poor but I am somebody." *I am somebody!* "I may be hungry but I am somebody." *I am somebody!*

Two years later Jackson, who had been given charge of S.C.L.C.'s Operation Breadbasket program in Chicago, became embroiled in an internal dispute over the organization's accounting practices. Jackson quit to form his own group. That was Operation PUSH, which exhibits all the strengths and weaknesses of its founder. Its programs can be showy, bold and imaginative. But often its follow-up is slack, its results ambiguous. One initiative has been to negotiate "trade covenants" with major corporations designed to secure jobs for blacks and business for black enterprises. Another, known as PUSH-EXCEL, is a school-motivation program based on Jackson's self-help philosophy for blacks. Should Jackson run for President, the purported accomplishments of these programs are likely to come under closer public scrutiny *(see box).*

The idea of promoting a black presidential candidacy was first given serious consideration by a loosely knit group of about 50 black mayors, Congressmen, civil rights leaders and other officials from around the country. The group is formally known as the Coalition for 1984 Election Strategy and informally known as the "black leadership family." They met in Washington early this year and later at the Atlanta airport in a marathon session that lasted from 7 p.m. to 3 a.m. The group began by deciding to concentrate on registering voters, drafting a "people's platform," and developing the option of running a black candidate or a set of black "favorite sons" in the Democratic primaries.*

At its most recent meeting in Chicago last June, a pro-Jackson faction of the leadership family pushed through a resolution endorsing a black candidacy. Jackson was not specified by name, but it was clear that he was the candidate the leaders had in mind. It was by no means a unanimous decision. Martin Luther King Jr.'s widow Coretta, Congressional Delegate Walter Fauntroy of the District of Columbia, and Lowery of the S.C.L.C. did not support the measure. Says Lowery: "The process was stampeded by Jesse's campaign." The discussions were heated at times, but never at sessions where Jackson was present. Other leaders seemed reluctant to confront him. During one discussion Andrew Young challenged Jackson and said, "I consider myself in the 'family.'" Snapped Jackson: "Dick Hatcher is family. You're in the neighborhood."

Jackson's own plans, meanwhile, were acquiring momentum. "The black candidacy is an unfolding epic," he says. "It changes every day." While his fellow black leaders analyzed and deliberated, Jackson was touring the country on his voter-registration drive, hearing time and again the swelling chant from those at the grass roots who shared his vision without hesitancy or qualms. And Jackson, understandably enough, seemed to prefer the shouts of "Run, Jesse, run!" to the reservations of those less eager to see him embark on a crusade.

If Jackson runs, the foundation for his campaign will be provided by the network of black churches across the nation, still the most influential institution in the black community. In July, 125 ministers met in East St. Louis to form a Draft Jesse Jackson Committee, aimed at collecting 1 million signatures. They expect to have them by the end of this month. Jackson says that his backers have vowed to raise $250 from each of 40,000 black congregations, which would amount to a phenomenal $10 million war chest, more than has been raised so far by Walter Mondale and John Glenn combined. (Glenn and Mondale each hope to raise about $10 million by the end of the primary season.) In addition, because of the groundwork laid by almost two decades of participation, there is now a wealth of first-rate black political pros Jackson can draw upon. Among them: Ernest Green, an Assistant Secretary of Labor under President Carter; Ivanhoe Donaldson, chief political adviser to Washington Mayor Marion Barry; and Preston Love, a top official under Mayor Young in Atlanta.

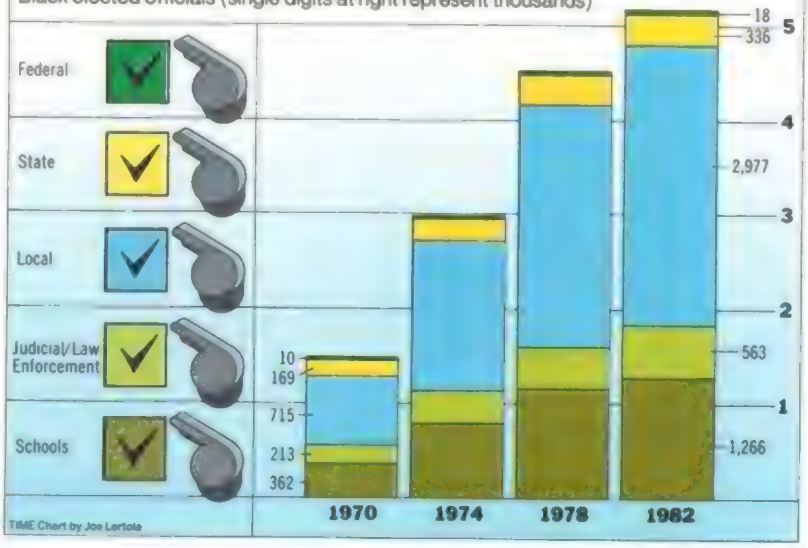
Jackson has not made a final decision. A full-scale presidential campaign has obvious drawbacks. His private life would be put under a magnifying glass. His public life would become far more regimented. Says M. Carl Holman, president of the National Urban Coalition: "Jesse is the world premier nonviolent guerrilla fighter, jumping from issue to issue, place to place. He doesn't like to be confined to schedules." Most troubling is the question of Jackson's safety. His friends fear that a black candidate could stir up violent kooks.

At the annual convention of Operation PUSH in Atlanta earlier this month, Jackson gathered his advisers in a 70th-floor suite to put together an exploratory committee. He wants to make sure that those who have indicated support will actually come through. "I don't want 'Run, Jesse, run!' to turn into 'See Jesse run!' " But his wife Jacqueline proudly sports a button that reads DAMN STRAIGHT! IT'S TIME FOR A BLACK PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE, and Jackson is already acting as if he were running. At the moment, he is leaning toward a September announcement that would kick off with a three-day march through Mississippi, from the Ruleville grave of Civil Rights Crusader Fannie Lou Hamer (1917-77) to Indianola. Before then he plans to travel to the Soviet Union to meet with leaders there and to West Germany to talk to American soldiers about the racism they encounter abroad. He will also urge them to register and cast absentee ballots.

One serious qualm for Jackson is the stress that a campaign would put on Jacqueline and their three sons and two daughters, who range in age from seven to 20. Although he has a $52,000 salary from Operation PUSH and is paid up to $2,000 for some of his speeches, Jackson has no real financial security. His three-story stucco house in a black middle-class section of Chicago needs painting. He owns only three suits and two pairs of dress

RUNNING AND WINNING

Black elected officials (single digits at right represent thousands)

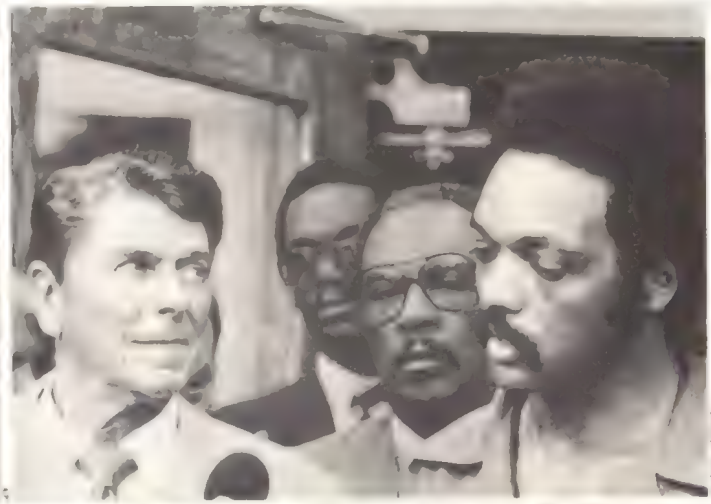


*The first black to be considered by a major party for the presidency was the abolitionist Frederick Douglass, who received a single, complimentary vote at the 1888 Republican Convention. In 1972, New York Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm entered the Democratic race and in 14 primaries picked up 28 delegates.

Speaking at the 1969 commencement of Lincoln University in Pennsylvania

Conferring with Martin Luther King Jr. in 1967 in Chicago

Being arrested in 1971 after a New York City sit-in



Accompanying Ronald Reagan on a 1980 campaign tour of the South Bronx

shoes. His car is a black Buick station wagon. Despite his showy public style, he leads a rather simple private life: his favorite recreation being a game of basketball on his backyard court. His frenetic pace on the road is occasionally slowed slightly by a mild case of sickle-cell anemia, a hereditary blood disease that affects blacks.

A Jackson campaign would initially concentrate on nine Southern states with a high proportion of black voters. A July survey of those states by Atlanta Pollster Claibourne Darden indicated that Jackson had the support of 42% of black Democrats and independents, and less than 1% support among whites. Because the party's rules generally require a candidate to win 20% of the vote in a district in order to collect any delegates, analysts say that unless Jackson picks up significant white support he will probably win no more than 250 out of the 3,931 total. That would afford him very little bargaining power at the Democratic Convention in San Francisco. Says Darden: "For Jackson to stay in and get 8% of the vote, and that's optimistic, what has he done? He'll have given John Glenn the nomination, and Glenn won't owe him anything."

Such conventional electoral calculus does not seem uppermost in Jackson's mind as he weighs running. His crusade would have other goals: stimulating as many new voters as possible to register; inspiring other blacks to follow his lead and seek offices on their own; forcing white candidates as well as blacks to raise and consider issues that are important to minorities. "My running will stimulate thousands to run; it would make millions register," he says. "If you can get your share of legislators, mayors, sheriffs, school-board members, tax assessors and dogcatchers, you can live with whoever is in the White House." His goal, he says, is "parity," a fair share of elected offices for blacks.

He is attempting to pressure the other candidates into confronting the issue of voting-rights enforcement. He has sought a commitment from the Democratic Party and its top leaders to work to erase the requirement in some localities that residents sign up on two separate registration rolls, sometimes in different towns, before they are eligible to vote. More controversial is his desire to eliminate second primaries, which pit an election's two top finishers in a runoff, a system that makes it more difficult for blacks to win where they are not in the majority. In Chicago, for example, which does not have a runoff in its Democratic mayoral primary, Washington was able to win with less than a majority because his two opponents split the white vote.

Most blacks find these goals laudable. Yet Jackson's bold bid to personalize the crusade has caused a painful split among black leaders. Many supporters, Mayor Hatcher being the foremost, have been caught up in the enthusiasm. "For years blacks were told to use the ballot box," he says. "We've finally become convinced. Not only can we use it, but we know how to play the game. It's absolutely appalling to me that people now would say to us, 'Don't do it.'" Agrees T. Willard Fair, president of the Urban League of Miami: "The timing is absolutely correct. We have to run and run and run until we win. If black folks waited until a bunch of white folks were ready, we would never run."

Among those who tend to oppose Jackson's candidacy are many black elected officials who got where they are by

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That epigram is one of nine catchy admonitions given students by high school teachers who take part in Jesse Jackson's "Push for Excellence" program. His defenders sometimes use it to explain why specific results are so hard to measure in PUSH-EXCEL, which is designed to motivate students to work harder and learn more in school. It is also used as a defense for Jackson's other major project, a series of "trade covenants" in which large corporations agree to hire more blacks and use the services of minority-owned businesses. Jackson's critics, on the other hand, contend that results are meager because Jackson does not tend the orchard long enough to ensure a harvest.

More an inspirational crusade than a program of substance ("I am a preacher, not an educator," Jackson readily admits), PUSH-EXCEL exemplifies Jackson's belief that black students cannot just blame poor schools if they do not learn. "What does it matter if we have a new book or an old book if we open neither?" asks another of PUSH-EXCEL's epigrams. White educators, in particular, praised this self-help philosophy when Jackson began advocating it in 1976. By 1981 the program had been officially adopted by some 35 high schools in nine cities.

Typically, schools in the program would have Jackson, other prominent blacks or the principal lead an inspirational rally early in each school year. Students would be asked to sign pledges that they would devote at least two hours to their homework each night. Parents would agree personally to pick up report cards for their children, thus meeting the teachers. Written codes of conduct would govern student behavior. On graduation, each senior would get a voter registration card as well as a diploma.

JIM VAN HORN

With Edward Frantel of Seven-Up

The program was funded with private contributions until 1978, when the Carter Administration began providing federal grants. About $4.5 million was awarded before the funding stopped when the Reagan Administration took office. For two years federal accountants have been conducting what they describe as a "routine" audit. They have not found full documentation for $935,000 and are not certain that an additional $779,000 was legally disbursed. Meanwhile, the program continues in only 15 schools in four cities: Chicago; Charleston, S.C.; Chattanooga, Tenn.; and Shaker Heights, Ohio.

Jackson's agreements with corporations are relatively recent, and their long-term impact is impossible to predict. Since 1981, PUSH has signed contracts with five firms: Coca-Cola, Seven-Up, Kentucky Fried Chicken, Burger King and Southland Corp., which owns 7-Eleven minimarkets and Chief auto-parts stores. Jackson's goal in these agreements, which are not legally binding, is to get a dollar's worth of economic benefits for blacks in return for every dollar blacks spend on the companies' products, as determined through market research.

The Seven-Up agreement, involving $61 million in company commitments, is typical. After ten months of negotiations, mainly with Jackson, Seven-Up agreed to raise its minority employment to 15% of its work force; give 15% of its service contracts, including insurance and travel-agency fees, to minority enterprises; use minority-owned banks for up to $3 million annually in payroll services; and increase its charitable donations to minority causes to 15%. Guy L. Smith IV, vice president of corporate affairs for Seven-Up, says he never felt unduly pressured by PUSH. Similarly, Erik J. Pierce, a spokesman for Heublein, Kentucky Fried Chicken's parent company at the time, described his firm's agreement as "good for minorities and good for Heublein."

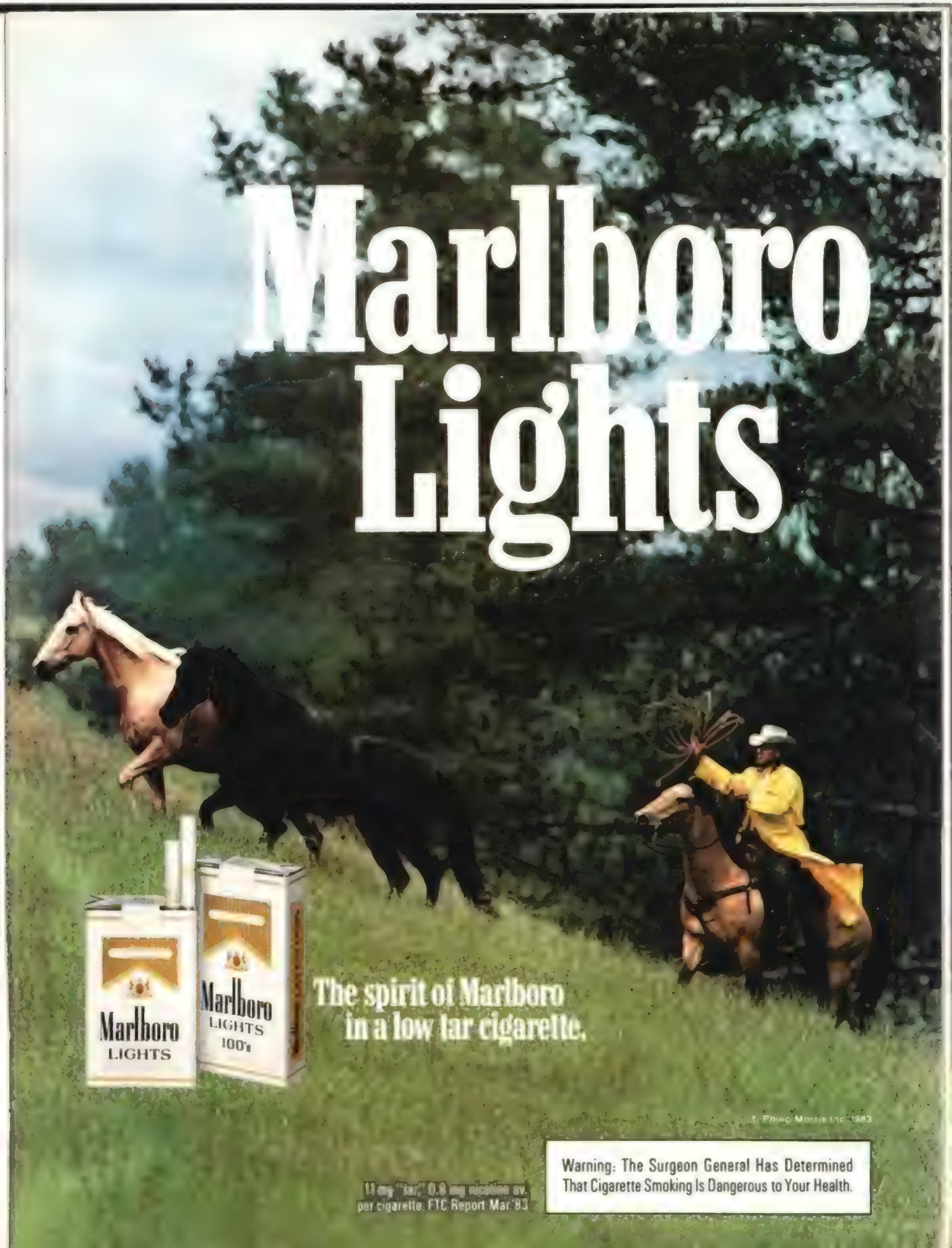
Still, Jackson has not shied away from using economic pressure. He called for a black "withdrawal of enthusiasm" from Coca-Cola shortly before the Coke-PUSH agreement was signed in 1981. The phrase was a euphemism for a boycott, which was then considered illegal. Courts have since decided boycotts are legal, and Jackson has been urging one against Anheuser-Busch, brewers of Budweiser. The company has refused to sign a covenant, contending that it is already doing most of what Jackson wants it to do. The year-old boycott seems to have had little impact and negotiations between PUSH and the company are continuing.

building coalitions with white moderates. Mayor Andrew Young, a longtime associate of Jackson's from the days when they worked together on King's staff, is one. "A Jackson candidacy creates a problem for the 'real' politician with a black base who needs white support," he contends. Young, who was leaning toward endorsing Mondale, has decided to work with Jackson for now in hopes of channeling the PUSH president's energy into other directions: "I may be joining up with him as a means of dissuading him from running." He fears that too many black leaders may join with Jackson rather than influence, and gain influence with, a candidate who will win. "Jesse's candidacy so far is a good media event. It's serving its purpose for Jesse and for the black community. But it's also serving a good Republican purpose," he says. Mayor Coleman Young of Detroit is another who feels that a Jackson candidacy would in the end help Reagan most of all.

A majority of the Congressional Black Caucus, made up of the 21 blacks in the House of Representatives, agree. Says Mickey Leland of Texas, who is supporting Mondale: "Democrats need someone with winnability." Leland has vowed to confront Jackson personally and urge him not to run: "I'm going to let my blood flow in the streets on this one." Caucus Chairman Julian Dixon of California opposes Jackson for more personal reasons: "He suffers from a lack of follow-through. He's never demonstrated a strong administrative leadership role."

Old-line civil rights leaders are also skeptical about a Jackson candidacy. They tend to be more cautious than their gung-ho Chicago colleague, somewhat resentful of his self-promoting style, and above all unwilling to have him act as broker for them in the political arena. Both Benjamin Hooks of the N.A.A.C.P. and Lowery have expressed their reservations. Of the candidates who embrace the black leadership's "people's platform," Lowery says, he will urge support for the one "who has the best chance of helping my vote purchase a one-way ticket west for the present occupant of the White House." Says Hooks: "I don't think a black candidate has a ghost of a chance."

Jackson is in fact such a bugbear to many whites that he is sometimes a political liability. After the celebration of Harold Washington's primary victory in Chicago, at which Jackson planted himself on the podium and led an impolitic chant of "We want it all!", he was shooed away from the general election campaign in which white votes were needed to win; he was only called back on Election Day to help turn out the vote in black neighborhoods. W. Wilson Goode has made it clear that he wants Jackson nowhere near his race for mayor of Philadelphia. And organizers of the mammoth demonstration planned for later this month to com-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Steering is acutely precise. A built-in steering system shock absorber intercepts ugly jolts. Even the springs in the seat beneath you are meant to serve as so many tiny vibration dampers, tuned as they are to the car's suspension motions.

You can select a four-speed manual or four-speed automatic 240 D version. So efficient is this automatic that it barely affects fuel mileage. The shift lever is tunnel-mounted and so ergonomically correct that you can move it through the gears, manual style, without needing to take your eyes off the road.

Deep comfort

Like every Mercedes-Benz, the 240 D ensures that you live well en route.

Your deep sense of comfort derives in part from a sense of spaciousness. The rear seat area is almost five feet wide, for example. The seats themselves are sculpted to complement the human anatomy, and firm-feeling because Mercedes-Benz knows this helps keep you comfortable-feeling over long trips.

The 240 D is the most affordable Mercedes-Benz sold in America by some several thousand dollars. But there is only one Mercedes-Benz quality standard: thus light-alloy wheels and four-wheel disc brakes are among its standard items. Even electronic cruise control, central locking system, four-speaker AM/FM stereo radio with cassette player, and air conditioning are basic 240 D equipment.

The carpeting underfoot is fine velour. The clock on the dash is a quartz crystal chronometer. Those delicate fillets of woodlike trim before you are all fillets of authentic, hand-rubbed zebrano wood.

Built with an eye to 1993

While it may not be the last car you ever need to buy, the 240 D is built to help keep the conscientious owner off the new-car market for a good long time.

Its body is precision-welded at 4,786 points into a rigid steel unit. The whole structure undergoes a zinc phosphate bonderizing process to impregnate the steel with anticorrosion protection, and is coated five times with other primers and paint.

A car built with care can be backed with confidence. And the 240 D is backed with a three-year or 36-thousand-mile warranty.†

When you buy the 240 D, you buy an automobile with 120 individual safety features designed into it at the start. You also buy an automobile that has been shown, over the first three years, to retain 86 percent of original value.

The Mercedes-Benz 240 D: seldom, if ever, have pleasure and efficiency and honest value for money been so gracefully combined in one automobile.

*Suggested retail price p.o.e. New York. West Coast prices slightly higher. **EPA estimate for comparison purposes. The mileage you get may vary with trip length, speed and weather. †This is, of course, a limited warranty; you should consult your authorized Mercedes-Benz dealer for full details.

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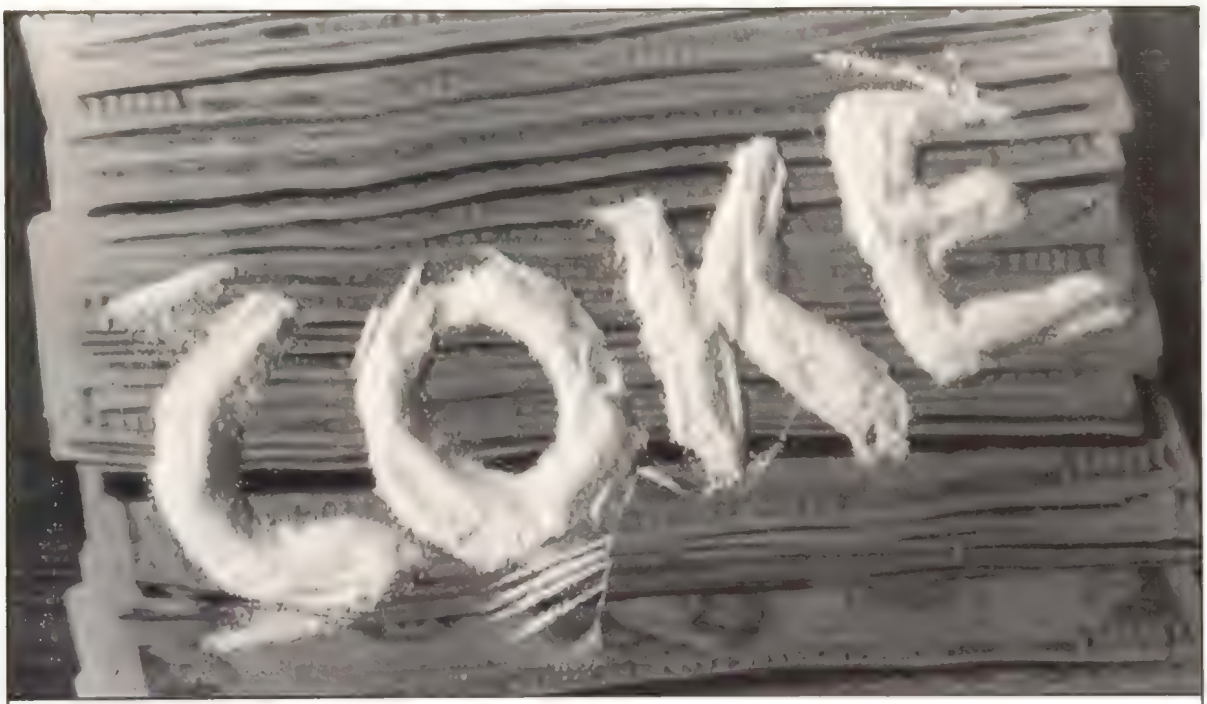
Engineered like no other car in the world

◀*The Sky Harbor Photovoltaic Project, Phoenix, Arizona: This Mercedes-Benz 240D Sedan and the solar cell power plant surrounding it have an identical aim–to use energy as efficiently as possible.*



COCAINE, BIG MONEY...
THE NEW MOB.

Cocaine. It's big money. So big it's spawned an entirely new organization of crime families, based in South America but operating internationally.

They're flashy, they're crude—and extremely violent. And their financial power is growing.

From drug drops in the swamps of southern Florida to banks in New York, ABC News correspondents Bill Redeker and William Sherman follow the trail of the violent new mob who are creating:

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memorate the 20th anniversary of the March on Washington are petrified that Jackson will attempt to dominate the event and make it a launching pad for his candidacy. "They're trying to hem me in by keeping all the speeches to five minutes," Jackson complains. "That's the same thing they tried to do with Martin when they limited his speech to eight minutes." But as Jackson no doubt recalls, no one tried to cut short Martin Luther King Jr. once he began his "I have a dream" speech that day in 1963.

Jackson hopes to form a "rainbow coalition" of blacks, other minorities, women, laborers, peace activists and the white poor. Although some Hispanic leaders support his campaign, this rainbow, particularly with him as the pot of gold, is a dream that extends far beyond the visible horizon. Women are wary of Jackson's antiabortion views. He frequently tells the story of how his unwed teen-age mother, on the advice of her doctor, almost had an abortion when she was pregnant with him and was only dissuaded by her minister. Jackson has begun stressing that although he is morally opposed to abortion, he believes that the law should allow a woman free choice. Nevertheless, women have not yet rallied to his cause. Neither has labor. The AFL-CIO decided last week to make its endorsement earlier than planned, and is now set to throw its support behind Mondale at its October convention. Even a labor member of the black leadership family made it clear that he would be supporting the union's candidate rather than anyone fielded by blacks.

But while the pros are saying no, the grass roots are shouting yes. Rural farmers are inspired by Jackson's sermons on the value of the vote; teen-age urban blacks are turned on by his clenched-fist determination; the downtrodden hear in his ringing tones an authentic voice for their concerns. A hustler, perhaps, but a hustler on their behalf. "He does a lot better with the masses than with the leadership," says Holman of the National Urban Coalition. Wherever he goes he attracts enthusiastic crowds, rousing them, inspiring them and drawing them into his quest. "I feel it is important that he run," says Richard Branch, 30, an Atlanta real estate salesman. "I don't think he can win, but that's not the issue."

The current crop of Democratic candidates is treating Jackson warily, knowing full well that any attempt to keep him out of the race would only reinforce his inclination to stay in it. Aides to Mondale, who has the most popularity among blacks and thus the most to lose, have met with Jackson to discuss other political contributions he could make, like running the party's voter-registration drive. They have also explained that winning delegates requires a mastery of state election laws and long hours of grass-roots organizing.

Jackson is unswayed by the argument that he should not run for fear of undercutting Mondale's strength. Other liberals with little chance of winning are not criticized for making a bid, he points out, and their candidacies have less rationale than his. In addition, Jackson resents Mondale for endorsing Richard M. Daley instead of Harold Washington in the Chicago mayoral primary. Glenn, he feels, would be no worse a nominee. "Mondale acts like he's got a Ph.D. in blackness," Jackson says. "Glenn is willing to be schooled."

Glenn's aides disagree with the assessment that their man would be helped by a Jackson candidacy; each additional competitor, they feel, will make winning the nomination all the more difficult. Glenn recently met with Jackson in Washington and told him: "I'm proud enough of my civil rights record that I'm going to contest for every black vote." Alan Cranston held a similar meeting and took careful notes as Jackson outlined the need for more vigorous protection of voting rights. Gary Hart went them both one better over breakfast with Jackson last week at the Jefferson Hotel in Washington: the Colorado Senator agreed to appear with the PUSH leader at voter-registration rallies in the South.

One promise Jackson made that greatly relieved his fellow Democrats is that he will not run as an independent in the general election. "To run as an independent," he says, "would clearly help the present Administration." Instead, he will use his following to persuade the Democratic nominee to support his positions on voting rights, affirmative action and other issues. If the nominee is agreeable, then Jackson will work to deliver votes into the Democratic column. "If the party is forthcoming, I'd put jet fuel in my butt," he promises. "If it's not, I'd sit on it."

At the heart of the country preacher's personality is a deep sense of religious calling. "I'm clearly a product of God's mission for me," he fervently says. "I'm a very ordinary person in my tastes and interests, but I have been used as an instrument in extraordinary ways." Yet he often seems beset by deep personal doubts, as if unable to erase the taunts of his youth. In private he is quiet to the point of being withdrawn. Says a friend: "People who have only seen him in public wouldn't recognize him." Despite his wide experience, he is painfully unworldly. "If you take Jesse to a fancy French restaurant," says someone who knows him, "he'll wind up with spaghetti and meatballs. He has very, very unsophisticated tastes." Notes a prominent black: "Your basic brother senses that Jesse is a lot closer to him than more polished guys like [former National Urban League President] Vernon Jordan."

Jackson becomes bitter when other black leaders, those he feels are content to serve as "trustees of the ghetto," dismiss him as opportunistic. "Part of our problem now is that some of our leaders do not seize opportunities," he says. "I was trained by Martin to be an opportunist."

King's legacy hangs over Jackson, as it does over the rest of the nation. The dream that he spoke of 20 years ago, a century after the Emancipation Proclamation, is still a dream deferred. What was then a civil rights movement has become a political movement, but the goal is still the same: an equal place for black Americans. First as a King lieutenant, now as leader in his own right, Jesse Jackson has been part of both movements. His continued presence on the public stage is a reminder that the nation's racial dilemma is far from solved. And the stark fact that he, or any other black, cannot be elected President in 1984 is, understandably to Jackson, perhaps the most compelling reason for him to run. —*By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Joseph N. Boyce/Atlanta, Don Winbush/Chicago and Jack E. White with Jackson*

With Jacqueline, second from right, outside their Chicago home

Jonathan, Santita, Yusef, Jacqueline Jr. and Jesse Jr.

Leland: capitalizing on flamboyance

Wheat: frustrations but enduring idealism

Vann: drawing power from the grass roots

Fresh Faces for an Old Struggle

Black leaders master the art of politics

With the passage of the Voting Rights Act in 1965, the struggle for racial equality in America was transformed. The energy that blacks had rammed against the wall of segregation was diverted into an effort to win political power of their own. As millions of blacks began registering and voting, a new group of leaders began to make their way up the electoral ladder, becoming county supervisors, municipal clerks, state legislators and, eventually, mayors. Blacks run three of the nation's six largest cities—Chicago, Los Angeles and Detroit—and are making a strong bid in a fourth, Philadelphia. The N.A.A.C.P. and other civil rights groups have ceased to be the main recourse for blacks facing problems; blacks can now turn to other blacks in office.

Some former civil rights activists, like Atlanta's Andrew Young, shifted to the new battleground and became elected leaders of national stature. But the old guard of the civil rights movement is losing influence to a fresh crop of up-and-coming figures who are developing political bases at the state and local level. Their styles are an intriguing mix: some seek confrontation, most build coalitions that cut across racial lines. But they share a belief in the power of the ballot. Herewith profiles of six of the new generation:

MICKEY LELAND. As a member of the Texas legislature during the 1970s, the flamboyant Leland riled his colleagues when he wore dashikis and railed about black power. Now in Washington, serving his second term as a Houston Congressman, he has muted his style, sticking to three-piece suits and cowboy boots. But while Leland, 38, newly married and a pharmacist by trade, may be more polished, he is still very much the feisty activist. As chairman of the Democratic National Committee's Black Caucus, he spearheads campaigns to lure more minorities into the party's mainstream. He is also a key figure in the black leadership family, an influential group of elected officials and political activists.

His devotion to minority causes has made him popular in the 18th District, which is 43% black and 31% Mexican American. Leland speaks out on global issues as well and knows how to capitalize on his flamboyance. "There's always the risk of going off the edge," says California Democrat Leon Panetta, "but Mickey has learned where the line is." During the House debate on extension of the Voting Rights Act, he was stunningly effective at arguing for preservation of the bilingual provisions by speaking Spanish on the floor. Leland has also attracted national attention for his four meetings with Fidel Castro, which resulted in the release of Texans being held in Cuba on various charges.

"Mickey is a fast burner. He's got the charisma," says Democratic National Committeewoman Billie Carr of Houston. "In his soul he believes in what he does."

ALAN WHEAT. Asked for a self-appraisal, Wheat hesitantly responds, "I'm not an expert on everything, but I'm able to understand most things once I get the information." The freshman Congressman from Missouri's Fifth District, which embraces most of Kansas City, is unduly modest. His colleagues laud him as bright and able. His sense of humor is self-deprecatory, but Wheat, 31, a member of the powerful Rules Committee, takes his job seriously. Says an aide to House Speaker Tip O'Neill: "He worries about things like industrial policy."

Wheat soldered together a biracial coalition that helped him to beat seven white Democrats in last year's primary and win the general election in a district that is almost 80% white. In Congress, the well-tailored bachelor is careful to serve the needs of his white constituents but, notes a colleague, "I've never seen him cop out on issues of concern to blacks."

After growing up as an Air Force brat, Wheat graduated from Grinnell College in Iowa. He settled in Kansas City in 1972 to take a job as an economist for the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development. In 1976 Wheat was elected to the Missouri general assembly. During his six-year tenure, he was elected chairman of the 19-member black caucus and pushed legislation benefiting his inner-city constituents, including a tax-abatement plan to spur rehabilitation of substandard housing. Says he: "I had a lot of frustrations and disappointments, but my idealism survived."

AL VANN. Standing beside a framed picture of Malcolm X, Vann scans the blighted streets below his office window in a poor section of Brooklyn. "Rhetoric means nothing here," says the New York State assemblyman. "We are establishing a track record so that politicians everywhere understand that this city's black vote has national implications."

At 48, in his fifth term in the assembly, Vann's zeal is burning bright as he works on his most ambitious political venture yet. Like other black leaders, he is channeling black energy away from protest into a new power at the polls. "Politics is a game of numbers," he says. "And on numbers alone, blacks can win in many cases."

Vann hopes to double the black registration in Brooklyn to 400,000 by 1985 and help some candidate grab city hall away from Ed Koch, who Vann feels is indifferent to black concerns. The soft-spoken Vann spends several nights a week going door-to-door canvassing unregistered voters. "My approach is from the grass roots," he says. "If you don't have power there, you don't have it anywhere."

An imposing figure at 6 ft. 2 in. and 180

Gray: a master at creating coalitions

Waters: relishes stirring things up

Lomax: a scholar smitten with politics

lbs., Vann is a former high school basketball star, Marine sergeant and teacher in the Brooklyn public schools. He has become a power in the state assembly, heading the influential black and Puerto Rican caucus. A lifetime in Brooklyn has taught Vann the value of step-by-step organization. He is in no rush. The numbers, he says, are on his side.

WILLIAM GRAY III. After Ronald Reagan's election, the Philadelphia Congressman quit the House Budget Committee. He felt frustrated with the Democratic leadership and had no stomach to watch a wholesale amputation of social programs. But he returned to the committee this year and proved himself a master at brokering between the leadership and the Congressional Black Caucus to win concessions on social and jobs programs. "If Bill Gray hadn't been there," says Budget Committee Member Panetta, "a lot of those measures would have been in big trouble."

Tall, poised and impeccably dressed, Gray, 42, is a third-generation minister who returns home on weekends to preach at the Bright Hope Baptist Church in North Philadelphia. His critics in the Second District, including old machine politicians and more militant black leaders, fault Gray for his coziness with Philadelphia's white power structure. But his ability to move smoothly between the two worlds has clearly paid off for blacks. In 1978 he formed a coalition with white liberals that defeated a charter-change proposal that would have allowed then Mayor Frank Rizzo another term. Gray was the first black to endorse Mayor William Green after Green won the bitter Democratic mayoral primary in 1979 over a black candidate. That helped him bargain with Green for black appointments to key city posts.

"The difference between myself and the old-line folks is that I understand that the political process is putting together coalitions," says Gray, who helped black Democratic Mayoral Candidate W. Wilson Goode do just that in his successful primary race last May. Gray, married with three sons, relishes the controversy he attracts. Says he: "I see myself as a catalyst for change."

MAXINE WATERS. Her style is sandpapery, her ambition transparent. As a California state assemblywoman, she has made a lot of enemies with her back-room maneuvering and habit of publicly dressing down opponents. "There is no one who wants to square off against Maxine," says Democratic Party Strategist Mickey Kantor admiringly. But foes and fans alike agree that Waters, 45, is articulate, hardworking and creative. She has emerged as the most powerful woman in California political circles and, after Assembly Speaker Willie Brown, the second most powerful black.

One of 13 children from a poor St. Louis family, Waters graduated from California State University–Los Angeles. She owned a public relations firm and then worked as a deputy to Los Angeles City Councilman David Cunningham before her 1976 election to the assembly. She is married with two grown children.

Waters played a pivotal role in the selection of Brown as speaker two years ago, and she remains a trusted lieutenant. She is the majority whip and the only woman on the influential committee that reconciles differing versions of senate- and assembly-passed budgets.

Waters revels in stirring things up. "It's just too easy to hide in these legislatures," she says. She has lately extended her influence beyond California. She was on a panel that questioned Democratic presidential hopefuls at the National Women's Political Caucus meeting in San Antonio. She has helped raise money for black candidates, including Chicago Mayor Harold Washington, and is outspoken in praise of Jesse Jackson's running for President.

Her boosters hail Waters' plan to run for Congress in a few years but warn she may have to file down her sharp edges. "Maxine needs to learn that you don't want to leave a lot of smashed bodies across the landscape," Cunningham says. "They may rise up one day."

MICHAEL LOMAX. His careful diction, preppie style and scholarly background have prompted one black leader to label him an "elitist." It is a term that makes Lomax bristle. "Someone may accuse me of being elitist, but I don't think anyone will say I'm incompetent," says the chairman of the Fulton County board of commissioners, which encompasses Atlanta and ten suburban cities. His job, he adds, "requires not someone who can give a speech and get people to say 'Amen,' but someone who can put together a financial package and get voters to approve it."

Divorced, with one child, Lomax, 35, earned an M.A. in English at Columbia and was pursuing a doctoral degree at Emory University when he became a speechwriter for Maynard Jackson in 1973, during Jackson's first campaign for mayor of Atlanta. After his man was elected, Lomax held cultural-affairs posts in the city administration. And, smitten with politics, he tried for a seat on the seven-member Fulton County board in 1978. He won, and in 1981 was elected chairman. To supplement his $15,000-a-year board salary, Lomax teaches English two days a week at Spelman College.

Lomax helped win voter approval of a county sales tax, part of which will be spent to improve an indigent-care center. Now he is pushing for construction of a new $45 million jail. Says Dan Sweat, director of an organization of Atlanta business and civic leaders: "He's the kind of guy you like to deal with—intelligent, straight up, and he gets action."

Lomax sees his immediate future in local politics. "I've started a lot of things here," he says. "I want to finish them." But in the long range, he harbors hopes that he will be able to start a new agenda in Washington as a Congressman from Atlanta. ***—By Maureen Dowd. Reported by Joseph N. Boyce/Atlanta and Evan Thomas/Washington, with other bureaus***

Instruments of a power struggle: troops loyal to Goukouni are held prisoner in N'Djamena

A captured Libyan pilot in the capital

Rebel Goukouni addresses his troops

World

CHAD

One for Gaddafi

The U.S. and France fail to stop a Libyan advance

Rising as suddenly as a Sahara sandstorm, the little war in the Central African nation of Chad turned increasingly ominous and ugly last week. With the help of intensive Libyan bombing raids, rebel forces seized the northern town of Faya-Largeau (pop 7,000). In the process, they reduced much of the mud-and-brick oasis to rubble. As many as one-third of the Chadian government's 3,000 soldiers were reported to be dead, wounded or captured, and hundreds more were stranded in the north. Others, retreating before what the government called "murderous nonstop" Libyan air strikes, proceeded to set up a new defense line some 200 miles to the south.

In an effort to check Libyan Leader Muammar Gaddafi's expansionist aims, President Reagan had dispatched $25 million worth of military aid, two AWACS electronic surveillance planes, eight F-15 fighter escorts and a reconnaissance plane to the area. After some hesitation, French President François Mitterrand agreed last week to send 300 elite paratroopers as "trainers" and "advisers." But given the size of the Libyan commitment, which included 2,500 ground troops and impressive airpower, the limited U.S. and French assistance failed to turn the tide. In a press conference after the fall of Faya-Largeau, Reagan indicated that the Administration would not be sending further help for the time being. He noted that the U.S. could not play the role of "world policeman," and urged France to take the lead in Chad. "It is not our primary sphere of influence," the President said. "It is that of France."

Chadian President Hissène Habré, too, looked to France for aid, particularly air support to offset the dominance of Libyan aircraft over northern Chad. Said Information Minister Soumalia Mahamat: "French airpower is indispensable against Libyan airpower." He also appealed for the use of French combat forces. "If French troops are here merely as instructors," he argued, "it doesn't matter whether there are 1,000 or 100,000."

Many government soldiers who escaped the final assault of the Libyan and rebel forces on Faya-Largeau were fleeing across the desert toward the eastern town of Abéché and the capital city of N'Djamena, 400 miles to the southwest. Evidence of the scale and intensity of the Libyan air raids could be seen in N'Djamena's public hospital, to which some 140 soldiers had been brought. They had been flown out of Faya-Largeau at night when government forces could still use the town's unpaved airstrip. Evacuation of the injured ended abruptly when Libyan bombing raids put the airstrip out of action. After that, the wounded died amid the ruins of the town that, in the seesaw fighting for control of the north, they had actually recaptured from

Confronting an expansionist dream: French paratroops travel by raft across the Chari River to the Chadian capital of N'Djamena

their enemies only ten days earlier.

A French physician at the hospital in N'Djamena, Dr. Jancovi Roue, said that only the wounded who appeared to have a good chance of surviving had been brought in. Said he: "The rest lie in the sun, often without water, and die. I have not seen a single stomach wound here because unless a man with such a wound is treated within twelve hours, he dies. There are virtually no medical facilities in the north, and even a relatively minor wound can become serious very quickly."

Dr. Roue pointed to a man whose body was swathed in white gauze bandages. "He is blind," the doctor said. "His eyeballs were burned out by phosphorus. He has nearly 300 other phosphorus burns on his body, but he will live." The patient, Alifa Ahmed, was the only victim of the Libyan phosphorus bombing to have been brought back from Faya-Largeau, but many other civilians and soldiers are believed to have died there of phosphorus burns. Ahmed himself was unable to describe his experience because he could not speak. In another ward, Moussa Mohammed, 22, spoke stoically of the rocket wound that had cost him his right leg. Said he: "In my tribe you are taught to endure life. We have known little else but war, and we fight because we have to fight."

Moussa's words go a long way toward explaining the continuing plight of his country, one of the poorest on earth (per capita income: $60 a year). Though it is almost twice the size of Texas, Chad has only 4.6 million people, roughly divided between the black Christians and animists of the south and the Muslims of the north. Even in colonial times, the French thought of the area as comprising two separate entities: the "Useful Chad" of the south, where enough rain fell on the savanna to support the growing of cotton and wheat, and the "Useless Chad" of the north, the *Beau Geste* country of sand dunes and desert outposts. Soon after Chad's independence from France in 1960, civil war broke out between the black southerners and Muslim northerners. The fighting has continued ever since, with only an occasional respite. But since 1979 the contest has been between two northern Muslim warlords, Goukouni Oueddei and Habré. Neither has ever been elected to national office; indeed, there have been no presidential elections in Chad since 1962.

Goukouni and Habré were allies in the Muslim war against the south, and in 1979, when the northerners seized power, Goukouni became President and Habré his Defense Minister. The two soon quarreled, and the power struggle has gone on ever since, with Libya usually backing Goukouni and France sometimes supporting Habré. In December 1980, Habré fled to the Sudan after failing to unseat the Libyan-backed Goukouni. Soon after that, Gaddafi announced that Libya would "merge" with Chad. Gaddafi withdrew his offer, as well as his troops, in late 1981 after France and several African countries expressed their disapproval. Even Goukouni was unenthusiastic, but the withdrawal of Libyan forces made him more vulnerable than he realized. In June 1982, Habré returned to Chad with his army, defeated Goukouni and sent him scurrying across the Chari River to Cameroon in a dugout canoe.

Goukouni and his 3,000-man army began their comeback two months ago. With the help of Libya, they quickly seized a third of the country's territory, including the towns of Abéché and Faya-Largeau. The following month, fortified with a new shipment of French arms, Habré's forces retook the two towns. They were on the verge of turning Goukouni's retreat into a rout when Gaddafi entered the war with troops and airpower.

If they were left to their own devices, the Chadians could probably fight on indefinitely without causing undue concern to the outside world. But they have rarely been left alone. Gaddafi, who seized a strategic portion of northern Chad known as the Aozou Strip a decade ago, has dreamed of creating an Islamic empire that would span Africa from the Red Sea to the Atlantic. France is highly sensitive to any Libyan intrusion into French-speaking Africa, particularly if it might affect such valued allies and trading partners as Ivory Coast, Senegal and Zaïre. The U.S. opposes any extension of Libyan power, which would inevitably be followed by a strengthening of Soviet influence. A special concern is that Gaddafi has long sought to destabilize two stalwart U.S. allies, Egypt and the Sudan.

Washington and Paris have not reacted particularly harmoniously to the rising crisis in Chad. The U.S. provided military assistance but expected France to contribute both combat troops and airpower. Mitterrand, however, has been more reluctant than his predecessors to become involved in the shifting sands of the Saharan war. Before his election in 1981, he opposed interventions by Presidents Charles de Gaulle and Valéry Giscard d'Estaing in the affairs of France's former colonies. In addition, Mitterrand knows that French moves into Chad in 1968 and 1978 were costly operations that had little lasting effect. A particular irony is that on both occasions Habré was a leader of the rebel forces that France opposed. Mitterrand is also hesitant to become involved in an open fight with Libya, a trading partner with which France has managed to maintain correct relations.

As Mitterrand pondered his options, French and U.S. military officials discussed a possible joint military operation, which would include use of the AWACS planes. The White House misunderstood a French suggestion about helping defend Faya-Largeau, not realizing that the French had made contingency plans but no final decision. A senior State Department official later admitted, "The White House

was naive. No French political leader said, 'We are going to [defend] Faya.' " As U.S. pressure for French support continued, French Foreign Minister Claude Cheysson declared testily, "We do not submit to American desires, and we have no reason to act only with the Americans or systematically with the Americans."

By the end of the week, however, as the military situation in Chad worsened, the French sent in some 300 troops from bases in Cameroon, the Central African Republic and southern France. Then, after Libyan aircraft continued to bomb government outposts, the French dispatched a company of paratroops from the capital to Abéché, a clear sign that they were slowly stepping up their commitment to Habré's government.

Whether the French presence will be sufficient to create a stalemate in the seven-week-old war will depend on what Gaddafi does next. Western intelligence sources put the number of Libyan troops in Chad at 2,500, while Goukouni has perhaps 3,000 men in his ragtag army. But those combined ground forces are backed by aircraft and heavy weapons, including as many as 400 tanks and armored vehicles on the outskirts of Faya-Largeau, which the government of Chad is unable to match. The Libyan air force has a base for its fighters in the Aozou Strip and at least one squadron of Soviet-built Tupolev-22 bombers based at Sabha in central Libya.

On the other hand, a Libyan ground offensive would be extremely difficult to carry out; the roads are bad in the best of times and impassable in heavy rain. The hope of most Western observers in N'Djamena is that Gaddafi will be content to occupy the northern third of Chad and press for a new Chadian government that would be more to his liking. In a television interview late last week, Gaddafi blandly denied that he was providing the Chadian rebels with anything but "moral" support, and called for negotiations between the rival forces in Chad.

Given Habré's hatred of Goukouni and the Libyans, the Chadian President would be disinclined to negotiate with either. But with a third of his army lost, his fate is as closely bound to the decisions of his foreign mentors as Goukouni's is to the whims and ambitions of Gaddafi.

If the Libyans and the rebels push southward, as they appear ready to do, and if the French avoid direct involvement in the conflict, Habré's government will surely fall. On the other hand, if Gaddafi should decide to keep his troops in northern Chad, the country could face *de facto* partition. That might be a relatively painless solution to the present crisis, but it would set a dangerous precedent for an unstable continent where the rule has long been to honor the boundaries inherited from colonial times. —***By William E. Smith. Reported by John Borrell/N'Djamena and Thomas A. Sancton/Paris***

NIGERIA

Surviving a Severe Test

The world's fourth largest democracy re-elects its President

It was a proud day for Nigerians, the second presidential election since the country returned to civilian rule in 1979. From the dense rain forests of the southern delta to the desert in the north, they turned out in record throngs by car, camel and canoe to vote at some 160,000 polling stations. Belying their reputation for volatility, Nigerians waited patiently in lines for up to eight hours to have their say in their country's government. By the end of the day, 25.4 million voters had placed their thumbprints in indelible purple ink beside the symbol of one of the six parties participating in the race.

Five days later the last votes had been tallied and officials announced that President Shehu Shagari, 58, had been overwhelmingly re-elected as leader of the world's fourth largest democracy (after India, the U.S. and Japan). Shagari, a soft-spoken Muslim who writes poetry in Hausa, the language of the north, won more than 12 million votes, or 47% of the total. He satisfied a second requirement, designed to ensure broad national support, by garnering 25% of the vote in 16 of the country's 19 states.

Nigerians were relieved that their young democracy had survived one of its most severe tests. When the military turned the country back to civilian rule in 1979, few believed that the new government would be able to cope with the intense ethnic and tribal loyalties that had spawned the military takeovers of the past. Declared Shagari after his re-election: "It is a victory for all Nigerians; it is a victory for democracy." Nigeria, he said, would remain nonaligned but "very much" tied to the West.

Although election day was peaceful, nearly 100 people died in political violence during the six-month campaign. Shagari took a stern line on law and order. He did not allow the army to supervise polling stations, as it had done in 1979, but troops were deployed at checkpoints in troubled areas. Still, there were charges of voting irregularities.

Shagari's power base is in the predominantly agricultural and Muslim north. But he also picked up votes in regions populated by minority tribes. Shagari's re-election effectively ended the political careers of his two main rivals: Chief Obafemi Awolowo, 74, leader of the Unity Party, and Nnamdi Azikiwe, 78, head of the Nigerian People's Party.

Shagari's main concern now is the parlous state of the Nigerian economy. When he was elected to his first term, Nigeria was booming as a result of high oil prices and expanding production. As oil prices dropped in 1981 and OPEC tightened its production quotas, Nigerian oil revenues, which normally account for 90% of the country's export earnings, fell from $26 billion a year to $10 billion. The government is currently negotiating with the International Monetary Fund for a three-year loan that will help ease its balance of payments deficit.

The President will have to deal with the country's rampant corruption. Few federal or state contracts, for example, are awarded without payment of a "mobilization fee," which can amount to 40% of the contract. Shagari is personally untainted, but among those accused of corruption are some of the political barons who helped bring him to power. Says a Western analyst: "The question is whether Shagari has the courage to rein them in. If he does not, there could be trouble ahead." ■

President Shehu Shagari addresses a campaign rally in the town of Jos

"It is a victory for all Nigerians; it is a victory for democracy."

In with the new: Mejía at his first press conference

Out with the old: soldiers escort Ríos Montt from his office after the coup

GUATEMALA

From Preacher to Paratrooper

The army gives up on Ríos Montt's born-again leadership

His downfall surprised no one except perhaps himself. Rumors of plots to oust him had circulated so often during the 16-month rule of Guatemalan President Efrain Ríos Montt that observers lost count of the actual attempts. Had there been seven? Eight? Ten? Whatever the tally, last week's coup turned out to be for keeps. After a brief gun duel outside the National Palace in Guatemala City, the country's military leaders toppled Ríos Montt and replaced him with Defense Minister Oscar Humberto Mejía Víctores.

The change, at least initially, is likely to be more of style than substance. A born-again Christian and onetime Sunday-school teacher, Ríos Montt, 56, had displayed a penchant for proselytizing his Roman Catholic country of 7.9 million. In Mejía, 52, the nation has a no-nonsense paratrooper and a Roman Catholic who is not likely to mix politics and evangelism. Though the Reagan Administration had supported Ríos Montt's reforms, Washington withheld judgment. Said a State Department official: "We hope Mejía will continue the same programs."

When Ríos Montt joined the coup that overthrew the government of General Fernando Romeo Lucas García in March 1982, he made for a refreshing change. Ríos Montt reduced corruption and abolished many of the government-sanctioned death squads that had haunted the country. Though his tactics cost the lives of thousands of innocent Guatemalans, the new leader succeeded in subduing a threat by 4,000 leftist guerrillas last year.

Ríos Montt made his first serious mistake only three months after he came to power, when he tossed out his two junta partners and declared himself President. He imposed a 10% sales tax that angered the country's businessmen. Wealthy landowners believed, mistakenly as it turned out, that the government planned to launch a land-reform program. Veteran military leaders resented Ríos Montt's reliance on younger officers.

But Ríos Montt's cardinal sin was being aggressively Protestant in a Catholic country. A member of a California-based sect called the Christian Church of the Word, he appointed two church elders as his principal advisers. He could also be petty: when Pope John Paul II toured the country last March, Ríos Montt refused to provide government funds for a specially built car for the Pontiff.

Until June, the occasional coup attempt originated with two fringe groups: friends of the deposed Lucas García or supporters of the right-wing politician Leonel Sisniega Otero. On June 28, however, senior military commanders met with Ríos Montt and demanded that he fire his religious aides, disband an advisory group of young officers and set a date for early elections. The President pacified them by agreeing to fire the junior officers, but the effect was fleeting.

On Aug. 6, virtually all of the commanders of the country's armed forces gathered at the Guatemala City barracks of the Guardia de Honor, an elite army garrison. There were impassioned arguments for and against ousting Ríos Montt, but gradually the plotters won. The decisive factor: the news that Sisniega Otero was once again planning to move against Ríos Montt. Explains a Guatemalan journalist: "The ghost of another coup from the extreme right provoked this coup."

On the morning of Aug. 8, the commanders again assembled at the Guardia de Honor barracks. Ríos Montt was asked to stop by. When the President entered the hall, he got the bad news: resign or be ousted. Ríos Montt listened and argued for 20 minutes, then agreed to quit. All he wanted to do, he told the officers, was return to the presidential mansion to tidy up his affairs.

As soon as Ríos Montt arrived at his office, however, he began calling army and security force units he thought were still loyal to him. The rebellious officers decided to be more persuasive. Planes and helicopters buzzed the presidential palace. Soldiers surrounding the building exchanged gunfire with members of Ríos Montt's 1,000-man presidential guard. After a stalemate of about two hours, Ríos Montt realized his cause was lost and surrendered his post. He is now likely to be allowed to remain on the army rolls, collecting full pay until he is eligible for retirement. The conservative official toll of the coup: two civilians and one soldier dead, as well as 16 wounded.

In a soothing speech to the nation, Mejía pledged a swift return to "social, economic and political democracy." Besides lifting the "state of alarm" imposed last June that curtailed political activities, Mejía abolished Ríos Montt's controversial military tribunals and hinted that the elections might be moved up. Mejía informed intimates that the U.S. had been advised of the coup ahead of time and had "no objection." U.S. officials admit that they had heard rumors of an ouster, but they also insist the word had gone out that such an attempt would be "unhelpful."

An intense, sometimes abrasive, conservative whose career as a military instructor earned him the nickname "the Scholar," Mejía is viewed by many Guatemalans as a figurehead who may allow the generals to resume their corrupt ways. To ensure that elections are indeed held soon, political party leaders plan to ask Mejía to take voter registration away from the army and put it under civilian control. Thus a battle for the future of Guatemala is brewing anew. If Mejía cannot overcome the divisions within the military and be his own man, he may become what Ramiro Pellecer, the acting archbishop of Guatemala, called Ríos Montt last week: "Another accident in the history of Guatemala." —*By James Kelly. Reported by James Willwerth/Guatemala City*

MEXICO

Staying on Top

Worried, the P.R.I. wins big

The omens were dark. An earthquake had shaken the ground, birds in the town square were squawking feverishly, and all night long the wind whipped through the streets. In addition, the Institutional Revolutionary Party (P.R.I.), which has won every major election in Mexico since its founding in 1929, had last month absorbed its worst defeat ever, losing nine municipal and five legislative seats in two northern states. On the eve of last week's elections for the legislature in the impoverished southern state of Oaxaca, where leftists had been successfully organizing, and wooing, local peasants, another P.R.I. loss seemed imminent. Yet when the votes were counted, the P.R.I. had swept all 17 seats. The opposition immediately accused the ruling party of having used ten-year-old voters, a drunken electoral representative and out-and-out ballot box–stuffing to ensure victory, but it has so far offered no proof of foul play.

The P.R.I. left little doubt that it intends to preserve its firm grip on Mexican politics. One example of adroit political maneuvering could be seen in the town of Juchitán (pop. 110,000), whose predominantly Indian population had grown increasingly sympathetic to the militant leftist coalition COCEI, which has energetically implemented popular civic reforms. The P.R.I. did not take any legal action last spring when the COCEI reinstalled a radical peasant, Leopoldo de Gyves, as mayor of Juchitán. But as the elections approached, the ruling party began to assert its power. Government-run Oaxacan newspapers ran spurious accounts of fizzled COCEI rallies. Seven days before the elections, P.R.I. and COCEI sympathizers clashed violently in Juchitán, leaving two people dead and dozens injured. Accusing De Gyves of having fomented the incident, the state governor simply replaced him with a P.R.I. man and postponed Juchitán's elections. Finally, on election day, the P.R.I. preserved the contours of democracy without its risks by allowing some 10,000 leftists to stage an impassioned though peaceful rally.

STEVE NORTHUP

De Gyves

The P.R.I.'s tactics in Oaxaca may have seemed inconsistent with the government's widely publicized goal of tolerating pluralism, but the government has more than political reasons for trying to maintain control of Oaxaca. Although the P.R.I. has tolerated defeats in the north, Oaxaca is dangerously close to Guatemala, the site of last week's coup and gateway to the Central American quagmire. ■

Police in Santiago arrest an antijunta demonstrator during the "day of national protest"

CHILE

One Carrot, Many Sticks

Pinochet brings out his troops to grapple with rising dissent

It was the fourth, and bloodiest by far, in a series of monthly protests that had already led to nine deaths. Attempting to enforce a dusk-to-dawn curfew last Thursday, 18,000 troops and police battled hundreds of angry Chilean youths in the streets, while thousands of householders leaned from their windows banging pots and pans in a now familiar ritual of protest against the military regime of General Augusto Pinochet Ugarte. When the fighting ceased, 26 civilians, including three children, were dead, more than 100 were wounded by gunfire and an estimated 1,000 were arrested. In the aftermath, Major General Osvaldo Hernandez claimed his troops had been attacked by "subversives."

Not so, said Air Force Commander-in-Chief General Fernando Matthei. In what looked like a possible crack in the military monolith supporting Pinochet, Matthei claimed that "at no moment were there clashes in the neighborhoods that I visited." Almost simultaneously, retired Army General Roberto Viaux Marambio, a right-winger and hitherto firm supporter of Pinochet, issued an open protest against the government crackdown. "I do not want to keep silent lest it imply complicity," said Viaux. "The armed forces have been employed to repress the call of national protest." The signs of dissension in the military came after a week of mounting civilian pressure on Pinochet to resign.

The previous Saturday, at Santiago's Circulo Español, the city's largest club, an overflow crowd of 1,500 gathered, ostensibly to honor Christian Democratic Party President Gabriel Valdés. A former Foreign Minister under President Eduardo Frei, Valdés, 63, used the occasion to unveil a new coalition of Chile's five main parties, excluding the Communists. Calling itself the Democratic Alliance, the group demanded that Pinochet give way to a provisional government leading to elections within 18 months.

The mere fact that 1,500 politicians and their supporters had assembled safely in the same room was an event in itself. Officially, political parties are still banned; until a few months ago, such a meeting would have been unthinkable. In uniting the usually fractious opposition, Valdés hoped to convince Pinochet that the alliance offered a valid alternative to a nation staggered with debt and unemployment and locked in an often brutal cycle of protest and repression.

With Valdés calling for dialogue, the stage was now set for the government's response. It came four days later, when Pinochet, 67, stood wearily at attention in La Moneda Palace to the recorded strains of Chile's national anthem. The stocky, graying dictator stared impassively at the ceiling as the names of seven new Cabinet ministers were announced. The ceremony at first appeared depressingly familiar: it was the fifth Cabinet shuffle within 16 months, the 33rd in the decade since Pinochet seized power.

But the change this time had special meaning. Missing was the Interior Minister, Air Force General Enrique Montero Marx. He had served in the Ministry of Interior ever since Pinochet seized power ten years ago, when hundreds of leftists died in prison and thousands more were jailed, tortured and exiled. Significantly, his replacement was not another military man but Sergio Onofre Jarpa, a diplomat and one of the founders of the rightist Partido Nacional. Jarpa shares Pinochet's fervent anti-Communism, but he also favors amnesty for all but the most radical of 30,000 Chilean exiles, and he advocates congressional elections well before 1989, the year Pinochet has said he might step down. Still, by week's end, Valdés and his supporters knew they could only look forward to a prolonged and perhaps bloody campaign. ■

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NICARAGUA

Deadly Ambush

A grisly massacre of civilians

Even at the best of times driving a *camioneta*—a pickup truck converted into a local bus—from the northern farming hamlet of San José de Bocay to the village of Jinotega, seven hours away, is a nerve-searing experience. The winding road runs through an area infiltrated by U.S.-supported *contras* who are waging a cat-and-mouse war along the Honduran border against Nicaragua's Sandinista regime. Although there have been *contra* ambushes before, last week's was particularly grisly.

Driver José Antonio Blandón, 28, was concentrating on potholes when a band of perhaps 50 armed men suddenly appeared in front of his Chevrolet pickup. As Blandón and two others in the cab ducked under the dashboard, rifle shots rang out for what seemed to them to be several minutes. After the firing stopped, a *contra* peered into the cab. He ordered the three men to get out and, some minutes later, to carry two passengers, an injured woman and her six-month-old daughter, to a nearby house. Once inside, the woman died and the *contras* abruptly left. As the three shaken survivors hurried to report the attack, behind them ten civilians and one Sandinista soldier lay dead.

Nicaraguan officials were quick to claim that the *contras* had been responsible for similar massacres of civilians in the past. But one of Blandón's friends had a different explanation. According to him, the Sandinista soldier had opened fire as soon as he saw the *contras* approaching, thereby provoking the savage reprisal.

One day after the massacre, three trucks slowly carried the coffins of four victims, draped with wreaths and national flags, from the trade union hall of Jinotega to the local church. At least 2,000 townspeople solemnly marched alongside. Their anger, however, was not reserved exclusively for the *contras*. Insisted Truck Driver Juan Ramón Hernandez, "It's the army's fault. They allow the soldiers to take these civilian buses. The *contras* know this and so they ambush them and innocent people are killed."

A few hours after the ambush the *contras* struck again, twelve miles away, dynamiting a bridge. Although the structure was said to be of limited strategic importance, its destruction was a symbolic warning that *contras* were living and working in the area. Taken together, the two assaults indicated that the relative lull that had followed the *contras* 'offensive last spring was over. In a feat of good timing, Junta Coordinator Daniel Ortega Saavedra appeared before parliament last week to propose a military draft that would make all men between 17 and 25 eligible for two full years of active service, followed by participation in the reserves until the age of 50. ■

A Soviet poster warns: "The job is no place for boozing. Get drunks and loafers off the site!"

SOVIET UNION

Getting Everyone on the Wagon

The Kremlin tries for high—and dry—economic growth

A Soviet woman who is freezing in her new apartment discovers that shreds from a quilted workman's jacket and some cigarette butts have been stuffed into the walls instead of insulation. A laborer falls from scaffolding because someone has, in exchange for a bottle of vodka, sold the wooden planks that he should be standing on and replaced them with rotting boards. A drunkard who is supposed to be demoted for causing an uproar in the factory holds on to his job because the boss fears he might walk out and leave the place understaffed.

Ever since Communist Party Chief Yuri Andropov started his campaign against "shoddy work, inactivity and irresponsibility" after coming to power last November, the Soviet press has published countless such examples of what he had in mind. Last week the Kremlin stepped up the offensive by announcing measures aimed at combatting the twin evils of absenteeism and alcoholism.

Under the new rules, workers who are away from their jobs without a good excuse will lose a day of vacation for each day they play hooky. If they miss more than three hours of work, it will be treated as a full day's absence. The penalties for overindulging in vodka are just as harsh. Anyone found drunk on the job may be summarily fired and will have to pay for damaged goods or lost production. Describing the new decrees, the party daily *Pravda* blamed not only workers but also managers who did not "set an example of discipline, proper organization of their work, or full use of their working time."

Even Soviet police officers were told to shape up. Interior Minister Vitali Fedorchuk announced that some of the country's men in gray were being purged because they were "immature in an ideological and moral way." There had been complaints from Soviet citizens, he said, concerning "late reaction to hooliganism and theft, and time lags in investigating crimes." Fedorchuk also denounced alcoholism as a "great social evil." He said that drinking accounted for almost half of all crimes committed in the Soviet Union and warned that the police would "not be liberal toward drunkards."

Andropov has already tried a variety of tactics to halt the economic stagnation that had set in during the last years of Leonid Brezhnev's rule. The results have been mixed. Soviet national income has grown at the rate of 4% this year, compared with 2.9% in 1982. Andropov can also take heart from what is expected to be the best grain harvest since 1978. According to U.S. analysts, the yield may reach 200 to 210 million metric tons, well above the average of 177 million metric tons over the past four years. Still, the Soviet Union will not solve its economic troubles by cracking down on drunks and trusting in the weather.

So far, the Soviet President has been cautious about tampering with the rigid structure of centralized planning that has remained largely intact since the 1930s. Although Andropov has complained about the problems facing Soviet consumers, he has done little to divert investment to light industry. In the traditionally trou-

bled area of agriculture, he has put into effect a program introduced by Brezhnev that sets production targets for collective farms while giving them greater flexibility to decide what crops to plant. Last month the Kremlin outlined new "economic experiments" that will give local factory managers in selected industries greater freedom to decide how to allocate investment funds and distribute wages and bonuses. But it could be years before the new guidelines are applied throughout the sprawling Soviet economy.

Several days after the reforms were announced, a confidential report on ways to improve the economy began to circulate in Moscow. The document, which was drafted for the leadership by economists at the Academy of Sciences in Novosibirsk, may have been leaked by officials who are pushing for more radical changes. Among other suggestions, the report called for a "profound restructuring of state economic management" and the dismantling of a middle layer of bureaucracy that mushroomed during the Brezhnev years. The document stated that major changes may cause conflict and noted with a touch of irony, "It stands to reason that executives who now occupy warm places with an ill-defined range of responsibilities but quite respectable salaries are not happy at this prospect."

Western experts see little chance that Andropov will radically change the way the Soviet economy works. Says William Hyland of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace: "Andropov is pretty prudent. He is not going to start kicking in doors until he is ready." The new man in the Kremlin remains saddled with a conservative and aging Politburo. Even if Andropov were the most ardent advocate of reform, he could not hope in nine months to overcome decades of inertia.

■ ■ ■

For almost two months, U.S. surveillance satellites, aircraft and submarines have watched an unusual Soviet operation in the North Pacific. Last week the Soviets apparently found what they were looking for: a submarine that had sunk to the ocean floor near the Kamchatka peninsula, the site of a Soviet naval base.

The sunken sub is of a class that usually carries a crew of 90 and is equipped to launch eight cruise missiles. Given the time it took the Soviets to raise the vessel, it was unlikely that anyone had survived. U.S. officials could not say what had caused the sub to founder, or whether it was armed with nuclear weapons.

Moscow has remained silent about the accident. But the Soviet search-and-rescue mission may have been undertaken to forestall a U.S. effort to salvage the stricken vessel. After a Soviet sub sank north of Hawaii in 1968, the CIA, with financial help from Billionaire Howard Hughes, raised pieces of the wreck and obtained valuable information that remains classified. ■

LEBANON

Fears of Sectarian Warfare

Supported by Syria, the Druze violently challenge Gemayel

Dawn was breaking when the first barrage of rockets and mortars crashed into the small town of Kafr Matta, about ten miles southeast of Beirut, in Lebanon's Chouf mountains. Although the area had been the scene of fighting for ten months as Druze and Christian militiamen battled for control of the strategic region, this time the target was different and the implications for Lebanon's future far graver. The attack was the first salvo in a new challenge to President Amin Gemayel's fragile government.

The fighting last week was not simply

Lebanese recover a rocket at Beirut airport

The U.S. was unable to influence events.

the result of sectarian rivalries. It was a show of force, designed to win a larger share of power in Lebanon's political patchwork, by the Druze, a small and esoteric sect with roots in Islam. Last month Walid Jumblatt, Druze chieftain and leader of the Progressive Socialist Party, helped organize a National Salvation Front with the deliberate aim of opposing Gemayel. The front struck an alliance with Syria and demanded that Gemayel renounce the May 17 agreement according to which Israel would withdraw its troops if Lebanon agreed to security and political guarantees. It has also insisted that the 1943 National Pact, which gives Maronite Christians the presidency and other dominant positions in the Lebanese government, be renegotiated.

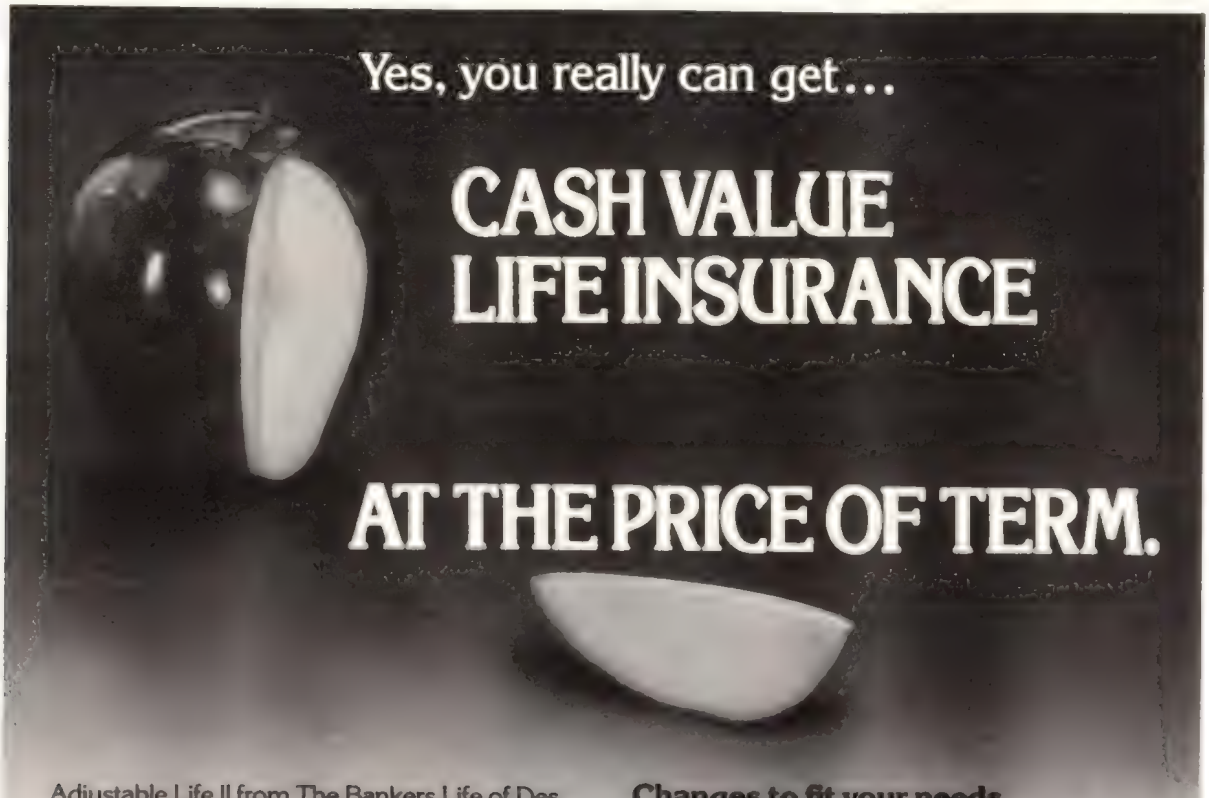
Druze fighters followed up the attack on Kafr Matta last week with two days of intense shelling in and around Beirut International Airport. The bombardment hit a Lebanese army base south of Beirut and narrowly missed the Ministry of Defense and the presidential palace. Rockets landed perilously close to the headquarters of the U.S. Marine contingent that forms part of the four-nation peace-keeping force. Six U.S. Navy ships pulled out to sea as a precaution, and the Marines went on "Condition 1," the highest state of alert, which requires them to remain under cover.

Alarmed by the violence, President Gemayel dispatched a three-man Cabinet delegation to the Chouf to negotiate an end to the fighting. It included a Druze, a Shi'ite Muslim and a Maronite. The three ministers met with Sheik Muhammad Abu Shaqra, spiritual leader of the Druze community, and then set off, with their armed escort, on the return trip to Beirut. They were soon intercepted by Druze gunmen and taken to Jumblatt's home in the town of Mukhtara. Jumblatt was not there, and it was unclear whether he even knew of the abductions. Abu Shaqra sped to the scene and spent the night with the ministers to ensure their safety.

Next day the ministers were released and returned safely to Beirut, where they relayed a list of ten demands from the Druze to Gemayel. The list included a call for the resignation of Prime Minister Chafik al Wazzan and his Cabinet. Wazzan immediately restated the government's intention to send the army into any areas vacated by foreign troops, which could lead to a confrontation with the Druze when the Israelis conduct their withdrawal from the Chouf some time before October. But after an emergency meeting of Christian and Muslim leaders, Information Minister Roger Shikhani announced that some of the Druze requests "are justified and should be dealt with positively. Others should be studied."

The Druze attacks could touch off a new round of sectarian warfare. The leftist Beirut daily *As Safir* headlined one front-page editorial CIVIL WAR. Pierre Gemayel, founder of the right-wing Phalange Party and father of President Gemayel, declared, "Let it be war, and let the stronger party win."

The U.S. seemed powerless to influence events. The sense of helplessness was underscored by the lack of progress being made in the two-week-old Middle East mission of U.S. Special Envoy Robert McFarlane. A six-hour meeting with Syrian President Hafez Assad produced no hint that Syria would pull its 60,000 troops out of Lebanon. Nor did McFarlane make much headway with his suggestion for a mutual troop disengagement in Lebanon's Bekaa Valley, where Israeli and Syrian forces are poised only 500 yards apart. ■



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SAUDI ARABIA

The Kingdom and the Power

Amid reports of dissension, a royal family learns to live with less

In the heat of a summer's day, the highway curving across the desert from the port city of Jeddah to Mecca blurs into a shimmering ribbon of black. As the temperature climbs into the low hundreds, mishaps multiply: the blacktop is so hot that rubber tires explode and send cars swerving. No matter what the season, however, the same message greets travelers only a few miles outside the holiest of Muslim cities. Non-Muslims, the blue-and-white sign warns in English, must now leave the road. Only Muslims are allowed to visit Mecca; others must take a circuitous detour around the city. Farther down the road, armed guards make sure that the stricture is observed.

The sign is a telling symbol of how cautiously Saudi Arabia deals with the outside world. Although its bountiful oil reserves and strategic location make Saudi Arabia vital to the West, the country can be exasperatingly difficult for a foreigner to read. Today the kingdom seems to deserve closer scrutiny than usual: the past year's drop in oil production has diminished Saudi Arabia's income, while rumors of dissension within the ruling House of Saud have proliferated.

The country, of course, still shines with promise. As family businesses go, Saudi Arabia is immensely successful. Within a single generation, the ruling House of Saud has transformed its desert kingdom from a nomadic backwater into an influential power with all the trappings of a modern nation. Most of Saudi Arabia's wealth, in fact, has been accumulated only in the past decade: with nearly a quarter of the world's proven oil reserves, the kingdom profited handsomely when petroleum prices quadrupled in the wake of the 1973 Arab-Israeli war. In 1981, for example, the country collected an estimated $110 billion in oil revenues, up from $2.7 billion in 1971. Government outlays rose accordingly: spending is now running about $80 billion a year.

As demand and oil prices have slipped, however, so have Saudi oil revenues. The best estimate for the fiscal year that ends next March is $65 billion. For the first time in 20 years, Saudi Arabia will have a budget deficit, estimated at about $10 billion.

The effect is already being felt. Payments to foreign contractors are being deferred by 30 to 60 days. Instead of paying 20% in advance to construction firms, the Saudis are proffering only 10%. The biggest casualty so far is the country's ambitious five-year development plan for 1980 to 1985. Once budgeted at $250 billion, the program is way behind schedule, and no new projects are scheduled for 1984.

Even so, most countries would be glad to have Saudi Arabia's troubles. The Saudis still have an estimated $150 billion in monetary reserves invested abroad. Many Saudi officials, moreover, consider the slump a blessing of sorts, for it allows the country a chance to pause. Says a U.S. banker in the capital city of Riyadh: "The Saudis are not going to run out of money. But they are going to watch what they spend and begin setting priorities."

Indeed, many Saudis believe that the days of Ozymandian construction should end and that the government should now concentrate on maintenance and services. "Remember, many things have already been built," says a Saudi industrialist. "We have built one port. Why do we need another? To prove that we have money? Teachers cost less than airports, and we need teachers more."

AP

Royal rivals: Half-Brothers Abdullah and Fahd

The rumors current in the kingdom are totally untrue.

The average Saudi, moreover, has not yet felt the pinch. This is largely because many of life's necessities are subsidized by the government and thus kept at artificially low prices. Wheat and poultry are sold below cost, while gasoline costs only 21¢ per gal. Water and electricity are provided at bargain rates. The total subsidy this year: $3.27 billion, or $467 for each of the kingdom's 7 million people. Observes a Western official in Riyadh: "If ordinary Saudis had to pay commercial rates for food and other basics, it would make a big difference in their standard of living." The Saudi government is not contemplating any cuts in the subsidies. Instead, it plans to meet this year's deficit by drawing from reserves and cutting expenses.

That budget is the first for King Fahd, 62, who took over the throne after his half-brother Khalid died in June 1982. One of 45 recorded sons of Abdul Aziz, who founded the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia in 1932, Fahd came to the job with nearly two decades of top-level experience. During King Faisal's reign (1964-75), he served ably as Minister of the Interior. As Crown Prince during the tenure of the sickly Khalid, Fahd in effect ran the kingdom.

Yet so far Fahd's reign has been marred by nagging reports of friction between him and Crown Prince Abdullah, 60, his half-brother, who is next in line of succession. Stories of conniving and aborted coups reached such a pitch last March that the Ministry of Information felt obliged to issue a one-sentence statement that, in effect, said: The rumors current in the kingdom are totally untrue. The denial only begat another rumor: the dubious story quickly spread that Abdullah opposed the ministry's announcement and may even have pulled a gun on Fahd during a royal argument.

Western diplomats agree that the reports of dissension are greatly exaggerated. There is, nonetheless, a longstanding rivalry between Fahd and Abdullah. The two men have polar personalities. Wide of girth and somewhat phlegmatic, Fahd was once fond of such pleasures as gambling and drinking, habits he has apparently given up. Nevertheless, he still enjoys lengthy visits to Spain's Costa del Sol, where he maintains a lavish home. The tall, robust Abdullah, on the other hand, is a man of the desert whose greatest passions are camel racing and falconry. Though Fahd is generally perceived to be more competent, it is Abdullah who brims with self-confidence. He is not afraid to make his views known even when they are controversial. The Crown Prince has, however, a bad stutter that sometimes reduces him to an embarrassed silence.

Abdullah would like to be more closely involved in running the kingdom, but Fahd is reluctant to give way. At present the Crown Prince is First Deputy Prime Minister and commander of the national guard, a 35,000-strong force that serves as a kind of personal army for the royal family. The King reportedly believes that Abdullah should resign his military post before taking on added responsibilities. Abdullah, for his part, has privately complained that Saudi Arabia should not spread its resources too thinly but concentrate its aid in the Arab world, especially Syria. He has also criticized Riyadh's ac-

What oil hath wrought: the skyline of Jidda shadows its Red Sea port . . .

quiescence to U.S. policies, which he feels favor Israel.

Nonetheless, Saudi watchers discount the possibility that Abdullah would try to usurp Fahd's power. "He is not a conspirator," says a U.S. expert. "A coup would not fit his character or his situation, nor is he capable of it." There is a general feeling among the several thousand Saudi princes that the stability of the monarchy must be preserved at all costs. Observes a U.S. official in Washington: "Their privacy works against anything as risky to organize as a coup."

Nor does the monarchy seem to face any serious threat from the population. Oil wealth has trickled down fairly well. Medical care and education are free, and any Saudi is eligible for an interest-free mortgage of up to $100,000. According to the State Department, the sort of Islamic fundamentalist revolt that toppled the Shah of Iran is not likely to sweep Saudi Arabia. The royal family came to power in alliance with the leaders of the country's dominant religious sect and still enjoys close ties with the clergy. The takeover of the Sacred Mosque at Mecca in 1979 by a fanatical band of Muslims is now dismissed as an isolated incident. Though an estimated 2 million of the country's 7 million inhabitants are foreign workers, the Saudis keep a close watch on potential troublemakers.

Fahd's first year in power has puzzled many Western analysts. He has kept a low profile, spending only a few months in Riyadh. Fahd apparently prefers the more relaxed atmosphere of Jidda, the summer capital at Taif or his private desert camp 160 miles north of the capital. He meets regularly with his Council of Ministers, but he has yet to act on a proposal made during Khalid's reign that the King set up a consultative assembly and publish a constitution.

Under Fahd, Saudi foreign policy remains as cautious as ever. Critics contend that the Saudi government is essentially timid and reactive, afraid to take any step that might make an enemy. Observes a Middle East analyst: "They don't want anyone to be angry with them or to become the object of propaganda or subversion." U.S. officials sometimes complain that Saudi Arabia does not use its generous subsidies to countries like Syria and Iraq as economic leverage to exact concessions. The Reagan Administration is particularly disappointed that Fahd has not exerted more pressure on Syrian President Hafiz al-Assad to withdraw his more than 40,000 troops from Lebanon.

Presidents Carter and Reagan shared at least one miscalculation: both overestimated what the Saudis could deliver. Washington, in fact, may have done the Saudis a disservice. By going to Riyadh so often with pleas for help, the U.S. unduly inflated the Saudis' notions of their importance. Says a sympathetic Middle East expert in Washington: "It is a delusion to count on them for what they cannot give."

The Saudis themselves say that they have never pretended to be the decisive voice in the Middle East. They argue that the self-interests of countries like Syria cannot be bought; if Washington needs proof, Saudi officials point out, it should look at how unsuccessful the U.S. has been in using economic leverage on Israel. "We do not buy influence with money," says Prince Saud al-Faisal, Saudi Arabia's Foreign Minister. "We work for a collective Arab position regarding peace, not a Saudi one. When an Arab country refuses some condition, it is usually for a reason, not just because it is being hardheaded or extremist."

Strolling through the cavernous new airport at Jidda or gazing at the fingers of skyscrapers poking up into the sky over Riyadh, a visitor can easily forget how swiftly Saudi Arabia has developed. Until 1953 the country had no national currency. Slavery was abolished only in 1962. It was not until 1967 that a paved road connected Riyadh and Jidda. Observes a U.S. diplomat in Jidda: "Anybody over 40 years old in this country can remember when people had to make their own shoes."

The apparatus and practices of a modern nation, indeed the very idea of being a nation at all, are new to Saudi Arabia. No other country in modern times has advanced so far so quickly. A rapidly growing bureaucracy has yet to demonstrate that it has either the flexibility or the competence to handle the complex problems of a nation that has undergone unparalleled growth. As the decline in oil revenues forces the country to focus its priorities, the Saudi government can be expected to devote more time than ever to domestic affairs. The most serious question faced by one of the wealthiest countries in the world is whether the complex decisions that must be made today are within the capabilities of a government unaccustomed to the daily exercise of great power. The answer is of importance far beyond Saudi Arabia's own borders. —*By James Kelly. Reported by William Stewart/Riyadh and Johanna McGeary/Washington*

. . . while smoke billows over the petroleum refinery at Ras Tanura

Some 75 miles from Cape Town, billows of thick black smoke rise from the blazing supertanker *Castillo de Bellver* and a surrounding oil

DISASTERS

The Day the Ocean Caught Fire

Off the South African coast, a supertanker becomes an inferno

The 138,882-ton Spanish supertanker *Castillo de Bellver* was lumbering around the Cape of Good Hope, some 75 miles northwest of Cape Town, on its way home with 250,000 tons of Persian Gulf crude oil, when at 1:30 a.m. crewmen discovered a fire near the ship's bridge. The crew attacked the blaze with foam extinguishers, but within minutes the fire was out of control. Said Captain Alfonso Civera: "The whole ship became an inferno."

As the crew members ran for the lifeboats, the flames ignited the cargo, which had begun to spill into the sea. For most of the day, the tanker burned, sending thick coils of black smoke rolling hundreds of feet into the air and bathing the area in an eerie orangish glow. Strong westerly winds blew a 75-mile-long cloud of choking smog toward shore, depositing thick black goo on houses and cars and coating newly shorn sheep with an oily film. Up to 25 miles inland, farmers reported an "oily rain" falling on their crops.

Left aboard the *Castillo de Bellver* were Sailor José Vea, who had slept while the ship caught fire, and one other crew member. The two men dived overboard, but after an hour in the icy water Vea realized that he would soon die of exposure. He managed to climb back onto the vessel and, expecting to die, changed into his best suit. Then he huddled on the stern, trapped between towering flames and the cold sea. At last, four hours later, a rescue-helicopter pilot spotted Vea through the smoke and flew within ten yards of the burning deck to winch him to safety. Vea described his ordeal as "uncomfortably hot." Thirty-two other crew members were safely taken from lifeboats by a trawler; three men are presumed dead.

At 10 a.m., a series of explosions tore the abandoned 1,000-ft.-long tanker in half, spraying burning oil for hundreds of yards in a vast arc around the wreckage. Caught in the curtain of fire that rose from the growing oil slick, the aft section, containing about 100,000 tons of crude, quickly sank. Supported by a pocket of air, the bow section remained afloat vertically, like a six-story-high buoy, with an estimated 40,000 tons of oil still trapped in its tanks.

The hulk, leaking oil at a rate of about one ton an hour, posed a danger to the dozens of ships that round the cape every day. In a daring maneuver, a private helicopter, with air force planes monitoring the situation, lowered two divers onto the wreck to attach a towline to the tanker's bow. A powerful tugboat then began to tow the wreckage 100 miles out to sea, where it will be sunk in some 6,000 feet of water.

The disaster left behind an oil slick that at one point measured 1,200 sq. mi. For at least three days, it threatened marine species along South Africa's coast, including the rock lobster and half the world's population of jackass penguins. But inexplicably, the seasonal westerly wind that was blowing the slick toward shore shifted back to a southeaster, pushing the sticky mass, including a particularly threatening "mousse" of heavy oil, back out to sea. The favorable weather, declared Bill Bricknell, South Africa's chief oil-pollution-control officer, "has been nothing short of miraculous." —*By Kenneth W. Banta. Reported by Peter Hawthorne/Johannesburg*

Photographs by Charles Pauw—Gamma Liaison & Sipa Black Star

slick after a fire ignited its cargo of crude; the tanker, engulfed in flames, before explosions tore it in half

The bow remains afloat; as a tugboat stands by, a helicopter lowers a man to secure a line so that the carcass can be towed out to sea and sunk

The Curious Politics of Ecumenism

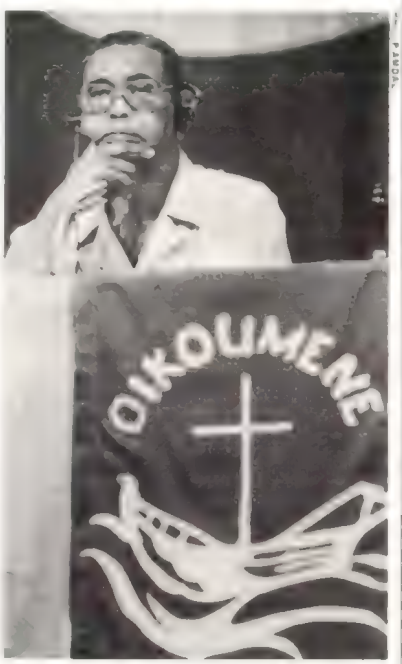
To the World Council of Churches, the Soviets are sinless

To many conservative Christians in Western Europe and the U.S., the World Council of Churches, an umbrella organization for 301 Protestant and Orthodox denominations with more than 400 million members, appears to be an ecclesiastical clone of the United Nations. Responsive to the growing influence of churches in the Third World, the council has seemingly evolved into a forum for relentless denunciations of the sins of American policy and capitalism. Meanwhile, the W.C.C. has what some critics call a see-no-evil policy toward Communist regimes. At the U.N., there is at least a Jeane Kirkpatrick on hand to answer the charges; at World Council meetings, Western church delegates generally remain mute, or cheer on the earnest moral pronouncements.

The W.C.C.'s sixth assembly at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver, which was attended by 838 delegates from 100 countries as well as thousands of visitors, did nothing to dispel the suspicions of anti-Western bias. For example, a committee headed by William P. Thompson, one of the two top leaders of the Presbyterian Church (U.S.), was responsible for drafting last week's formal statement on Afghanistan. Working closely with delegates from Soviet churches, the committee produced a muted document that asked for withdrawal of Soviet troops as part of an overall political settlement; that was one of the few times the U.S.S.R. has been named specifically in a political declaration by the W.C.C. But the statement also said in effect that Soviet troops should be allowed to stay in Afghanistan until such a settlement is reached, and recommended that aid to the anti-Communist Afghan rebels be cut off. Thompson's committee also produced a harshly worded attack on U.S. Central American policy. The document praised "the life-affirming achievements" of the Nicaraguan government; Cuba was mentioned not at all.

Bishop Alexander Malik of the Church of Pakistan, a union of Anglican and Protestant bodies, demanded that the Afghanistan statement be sent back to committee for a suitable injection of candor: "If any Western nation were involved, I am sure we would have jumped on it with the strongest language available in the dictionary. The U.S.S.R. has committed a great aggression upon a neighbor, and it must be condemned." Malik's recommendation was rejected after Russian Orthodox Archbishop Kirill warned that any stronger statement would present "terrible difficulties" for his church and would be a "challenge to our loyalty to the ecumenical movement."

This was vintage W.C.C. politics. The council is willing to risk further damage to its image, not only because many Western church leaders agree with the attacks on the policies of the U.S. and its allies, but also because silence is supposedly the price that must be paid to keep Soviet bloc churches in the council. This pragmatic—some would say shortsighted—approach also prevents the W.C.C. from addressing the plight of religious believers in the Soviet Union. The most dramatic event of the last assembly, in Nairobi eight years ago, was the publication of an open letter from two Soviet dissidents, Father Gleb Yakunin and Lev Regelson, claiming that the council had been silent when "the Russian Orthodox Church was half destroyed" in the early 1960s, and pleading for action against Soviet persecution.



Potter during a session of W.C.C. assembly
Suspicions of anti-American bias remain.

Despite veiled threats of a Soviet pullout, the Nairobi assembly voted to step up its scrutiny of religious liberty, but without mentioning the U.S.S.R. by name. Since then, the W.C.C. has sponsored a low-key human rights program, cooperating with Soviet churches' requests for discretion and contending that behind-the-scenes diplomacy works better than open confrontation.

At Vancouver, W.C.C. General Secretary Philip Potter received two more dissident appeals, one from a human rights committee founded by Yakunin (who is now in a prison camp in the Urals) and the other from Russian Orthodox Deacon Vladimir Rusak. The council delegates were told little about the appeals, and W.C.C. spokesmen blandly explained that any action by the assembly would have amounted to intervention in the "internal affairs" of a member church.

Another favorite Third World cause, the W.C.C. Program to Combat Racism, provoked a fire storm of Western protest in 1978, when it gave modest grants to guerrilla groups that later toppled the white-run government of Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe). The W.C.C. is now funding the SWAPO guerrillas, who want to end South African rule over Namibia, and the African National Congress, which is fighting to end Pretoria's apartheid rule. The W.C.C. notes that its no-strings grants are intended for nonmilitary purposes and come from designated gifts rather than general church revenues. Still, some Western churchgoers feel that even token funding of revolution, with its implied moral approval of political violence, is not a suitable goal for world ecumenism. W.C.C. supporters dismiss such criticism as motivated by hypocrisy if not white racism, and at Vancouver scarcely a whisper of protest was heard about the SWAPO and ANC grants.

There was a flurry of excitement at the assembly involving a nonpolitical document titled "Witnessing in a Divided World." Bishop Per Lonning of the Church of Norway (Lutheran) called it a "dangerous setback," because it showed a "lack of missionary urgency" and did not emphasize the uniqueness of Christianity. Agreeing, the delegates voted nearly unanimously for a revision, but in dealing with a bushel of political statements on everything from nuclear arms (yes to a freeze) to Palestinian rights (an emphatic endorsement), they never had a chance to act on the rewritten statement. Nonetheless, the delegates were enthusiastic about the increased emphasis on prayer and multicultural worship at the assembly. They were also hopeful that a joint statement produced last year by the council's theology commission might provide the eventual basis for intercommunion.

Vancouver was the last assembly run by Potter, 62, a Methodist minister from Dominica whose special concern is poverty and oppression in the Third World. He is expected to retire in 1985, after 13 years in office. His replacement will be chosen by the 145-member central committee elected last week, with the Rev. Heinz Joachim Held of West Germany, 55, as its new presiding officer. For Held and Potter's successor, the council's delicate balancing act will undoubtedly continue without letup. —*By Richard N. Ostling*

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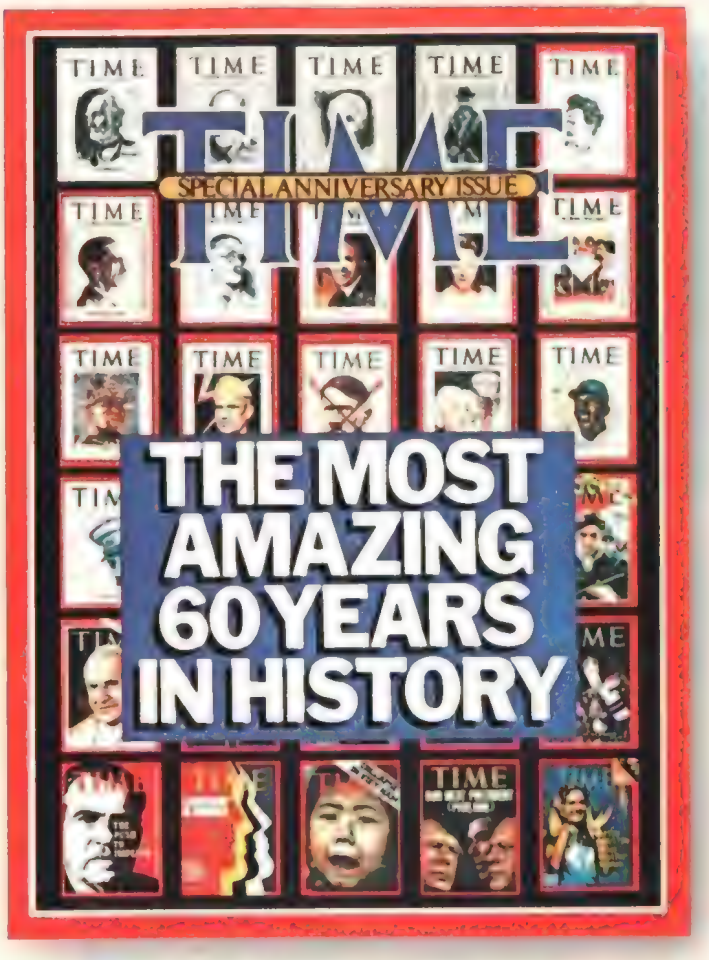

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Liz and No. 8 after their engagement

Clayburgh peering into Israeli jail in Costa-Gavras' film *Hanna K.*

People

"I will never marry again," **Elizabeth Taylor** reportedly declared 18 months ago. Well, when she was young, it was said that a woman was entitled to change her mind. And so last week Taylor, 51, announced her engagement to wealthy Mexican Lawyer **Victor Gonzalez Luna,** 56. He will be husband No. 8. To mark the occasion, Gonzalez Luna presented his intended with a 16½-carat sapphire surrounded by tiny diamonds. So forget Liz and Dick; until further notice, make it Liz and Vic.

■

After 3.5 million kilometers of space, a single kilometer on the ground might seem a bit tame. But last week Astronaut **Sally Ride,** 32, was in New York City to promote next summer's Olympic Torch Relay and the 1-km leg of the journey to be run in her name for the benefit of the Girls Clubs of America. Her schedule permitting, Ride may even show up to take a few jogging steps for womankind. Don't look back, John Glenn, someone may be gaining on you

It was beginning to seem as if not all the pawns were on the board. During the current World Chess Federation championship tournament, Soviet officials were playing some sort of game of their own. First **Viktor Korchnoi,** 52, the Soviet defector who now lives in Switzerland, was set to face U.S.S.R. Whiz Kid **Gari Kasparov,** 20, in a semifinal match at Pasadena City College in California. But Kasparov never showed because, it was rumored, the Soviets feared he might defect. Three days later, former World Champion **Vassily Smyslov,** 62, was also disqualified, for boycotting a match against Hungary's **Zoltan Ribli,** 31, in Abu Dhabi ostensibly because the Persian Gulf emirate was too hot. So Korchnoi and Ribli will meet for the right to confront World Champion **Anatoly Karpov,** 32, though he is now said to be unwilling to face anyone who has won by default. Checkers, anyone?

■

Actress **Jill Clayburgh,** 39, seems to have entered a legal phase. Two years ago, she was

Korchnoi's complaint: a default

a Supreme Court Justice in *First Monday in October*. Now in *Hanna K.*, a new political film by Director **Costa-Gavrass** (*Z, Missing*), she plays an American attorney turned Israeli citizen who takes on the controversial case of an Arab charged with persistently and illegally crossing the border into Israel. "It is an allegorical tale," says Clayburgh. Though she had little time to play tourist while filming in Israel, being virtually unknown there gave her a welcome escape from the pressures of fame. Says she: "It's especially nice in museums."

■

"Once you have it, you're never going to lose it," explains **Oscar Robertson,** 44. "The Big O" was back under the hoops last week along with **Wilt Chamberlain, Bob Cousy** and **Jack Twyman,** among other N.B.A. oldtimers who showed up at Kutsher's Country Club in Monticello, N.Y., for a game to raise funds for needy pro-basketball players. Indeed, the old stars do still seem to have it. Cousy, 55, handled the ball with magical dexterity, and when 7-ft. 1-in. Chamberlain, 46, slam-dunked a basket, the crowd roared as if "Wilt the Stilt" had never missed a season. Twyman, 49, who originally organized the benefit, does not think the pro game has changed all that much. Says Twyman, now a wholesale-grocery businessman: "If I was in shape and 23 again, I could probably play with anybody."

—By Guy D. Garcia

A down-to-earth Ride signing autographs for Girls Club members

Twyman and Cousy hooping it up with other old pros

Happy Birthday, Bull Market

A record year has transformed investing, and the ride may not be over yet

Two years ago, Steven Fishman was a New York University student without a job but with a keen eye for a bargain. Today Fishman, 20, is still a student without a job, but he is $50,000 ahead. He made that much on the stock market, mostly by devoting his lunch hours to trading options on the stocks of Tandy and Digital Equipment. The profits have paid for a few years of his N.Y.U. tuition, plus, as he puts it, "a lot of dinners with my girlfriend."

Fishman is one of hundreds of thousands of investors, small and large, individual and institutional, who have scored handsomely in the great bull market that began on Aug. 12, 1982. For them, it has been a year of superlatives like "biggest" and "richest." Records have crumbled. Hundreds of billions have been made, at least on paper.

Last week, just before the bull market's first birthday, Citibank threatened to spoil the party. It raised its prime rate from 10½% to 11%. Other banks followed, and stock prices sank as they almost always do when higher interest rates loom. By week's end they had begun a modest rebound, but investors remained nervous. Even so, nothing could change the fact that it had been quite a ride—and, despite the inevitable "corrections," it might have a lot more mileage in it.

From last year's low to this year's high, Standard & Poor's index of 500 stocks was up 67%. Another S & P index of low-priced stocks had jumped 152%. Value Line's Composite Index, closely watched by many small investors, had ballooned by 86%. The most widely watched indicator of all, the Dow Jones index of 30 industrial stocks, turned in one of its best performances ever.

A year ago, the Dow stood at 776.92. In June it reached a record 1248.30, up 61%. That increase is rivaled by only one other in the history of the index, which was begun in 1884 by Charles Henry Dow, the first editor of the *Wall Street Journal*. In 1932 and 1933, on the eve of Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal, it rose from 41 to 105, or 156%, more than doubling. That market, like the current one, was severely undervalued to begin with.

The buying is not over yet. Since June 16, the Dow has fallen 65 points, to close last week at 1182.83, and there is bound to be more faltering along the way. Certain high-tech stocks have taken a bit of a beating in the past two months and sell for 30% to 50% less than in June. But even with that sharp drop most are still doing very well. Apple Computer, for example, is down to 33½ from a high of 63¼, yet is still way ahead of its 52-week low of 12.

Many Wall Street watchers remain bullish. Says Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, former chairman of Merrill Lynch: "The market was due for a pause. But it isn't overdone." Indeed, in the view of Regan and almost everyone else, the bull market still has a lot of life in it. Says Arthur Zeikel, president of Merrill Lynch Asset Management: "We are in the fourth or fifth inning of a nine-inning ball game."

The innings so far have transformed the whole climate for investing. Individuals and institutions, many of whom lost faith in stocks during the 1970s as a hedge against inflation, have returned to the market in droves. Since last August, Mer-

rill Lynch has added 900,000 customers to the 3.2 million it already had. At a time when big brokers are linked to their customers largely by area code 800 telephone numbers, many investors have begun patronizing the hundreds of small discount brokers that have sprung up in storefronts and lobbies. Banks also are getting into the act, buying discount brokers and offering their services. Last week, for example, the Federal Reserve permitted Chase Manhattan to acquire Rose & Co. Investment Brokers. BankAmerica and Citicorp already own brokers.

As investors have flocked back, financial institutions have hurried to cash in by changing the way they do business and even the way they are organized. Brokerage houses, banks, insurance companies and even credit-card firms have gone into a kind of mating frenzy, merging left and right and creating new organizations with names like Shearson/American Express and Prudential-Bache. By offering a "supermarket" of financial services, these firms permit an investor to pick up stocks along with auto shocks at his local Sears, to write checks and sell shares through a Merrill Lynch Cash Management Account and to have his Visa transactions recorded along with his stock trading.

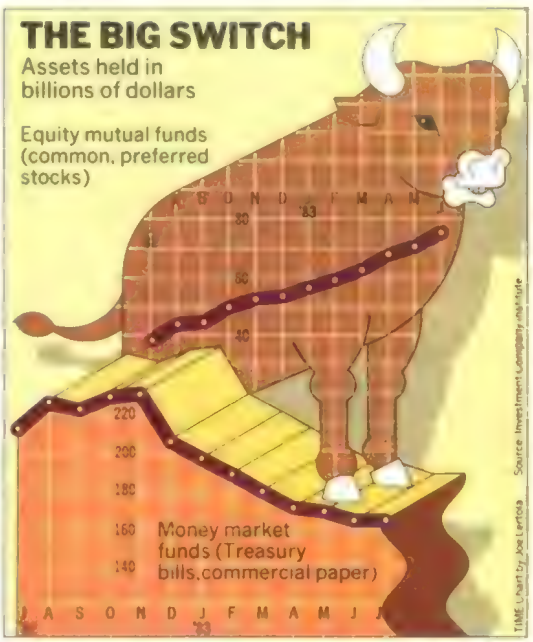
Such new approaches to money management have at once capitalized upon, and accelerated, a shift in the investing habits of the typical American family. Chief Portfolio Strategist Steven Einhorn of Goldman, Sachs estimates that individual investors bought $23 billion in stocks during the first three months of this year, twice the pace of the last quarter of 1982.

In the process, many of the glamour investments of the 1970s have fallen from favor, notably nonproductive "collectibles" like wine, antiques, coins and other such prosaic places to put money. The stock market is also luring funds that, through the 1970s, were going into precious metals, gems and real estate, even though their prices have continued to rise. Silver, for example, was selling in June for 109.5% more than it was a year earlier, gold for nearly 30% more. Diamonds, though, did not gain.

Traditionally a forecaster of economic activity, the market this time proved to be unusually sensitive. Last summer the U.S. economy was still headed down, hitting its low only in November. Unemployment was rising to levels not seen since before World War II. Sales and earnings of companies large and small were down after a year of recession. Stock prices were at a two-year low.

A few analysts, however, had sensed that an explosion lay ahead. In August the sparks started flying. On the 13th, with inflation down sharply, Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker unexpectedly announced still another reduction in the discount rate, from 11% to 10.5%; two cuts had already been made. That credibly signaled easier money after almost three years of an anti-inflationary clampdown. On the 15th, Ronald Reagan gave a speech asking for $99 billion in new taxes to reduce the federal deficit. On the 17th, Salomon Brothers' influential economist, Henry Kaufman, predicted that interest rates on long-term Government bonds would fall sharply, to 8% or 9%.

With that triple dosage of encouragement, the market in the next ten months set 25 records. It was fueled by an enormous influx of cash held by pension funds and other institutions. Another source: $35 billion from individuals seeking to set up their own Keogh plans and individual retirement accounts, the latter provided under a law opening such benefits to all employees as of January 1982. Much of the IRA money was switched out of bonds and money market funds and into equity mutual funds *(see chart)*. So was a great deal of non-IRA money. As interest rates dropped and private individuals saw they could make more money in securities, money market investments declined by $62 billion, even as $39 billion was gushing into mutual funds for stocks.



By Oct. 21, the Dow had steamed ahead 260 points, to 1036, the largest point gain in any two-month period ever. On Nov. 3 came the biggest one-day gain: 43.41, pushing the Dow to 1065.49. That broke the old record of 1051 set a decade earlier, in January 1973.

A day later came the largest single day's trading volume: 149,350,000 shares, a load handled almost effortlessly by new computerized trading systems at the New York Stock Exchange and drastically modifying the definitions of what were "light," "moderate" and "heavy" trading days. From August through June, an average of 86 million shares was traded daily. A 50 million-share day is now regarded as so-so; in the late 1940s trading rarely reached 1 million shares a day, and even in the 1960s a 6 million-share day was considered a monster. (Of course, the volume of shares outstanding has increased by 74% since 1975.) Says William M. LeFevre of New York's Purcell, Graham & Co.: "Now if you don't get 15 million or 16 million shares in the first hour, brokers worry about slow days."

The wealth created by the upward push in the price of stocks dwarfed the figures from any bull market since records started being kept. In all, according to the authoritative Wilshire index, some 5,000 stocks had produced $660 billion in paper profits by last week, down somewhat from the $700 billion or so in June when stocks were at their highest. If the total seems breathtaking, it must be measured against the fact that a decade and more of inflation had so seriously eroded stock values that for many investors, the bull market's gains enabled them to do little more than recoup losses. Just to keep up with inflation, the record 1051 Dow should have stood at 2445 by November 1982.

Of course, some people made out smashingly well anyway. Former Treasury Secretary William Simon netted a handsome $66 million when he weaned Gibson Greeting Cards away from RCA in a complex buyout maneuver and then, having picked up its stock for 14¢ a share, turned around and offered it to the public for $27.50. David Packard, co-founder and major shareholder in California's Hewlett-Packard, a high-tech pioneer and leader, saw his personal fortune grow by $1.1 billion in eleven months, as H-P's stock rose from 38 to 83. Five members of the family of Sam Walton, the co-founder of Wal-Mart, a dynamically growing Arkansas-based retailer, were centimillionaires even before Wal-Mart stock rose from 25 to 42; that helped add $200 million to $300 million apiece to their worth.

Ordinary shareholding families did not do badly, either. From last August through June they took some $63 billion in profits from the growth in value of their stocks. But at the same time, according to the Federal Reserve, the worth of stock held by households (as opposed to financial institutions) jumped from $959.5 billion in June 1982 to $1,296 billion by April, two months before the bull market's high. That means that after profit taking, the worth of stocks in households still increased by $337 billion.

According to one survey by Kidder, Peabody, all industry groups gained from

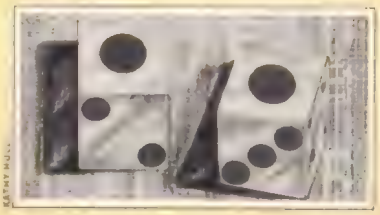
the bullishness. The stocks of Wall Street brokerage houses, fittingly enough, rose the most as a group: 326%. Next came gold-mining stocks, up 223%; communications, up 213%; savings and loans, up 206%; and homebuilding, up 204%. Stocks of long-bedraggled automakers and textile producers doubled on average, and those in the depressed steel industry rose 57%. Even stocks that had the smallest appreciation—tobacco companies, entertainment firms and electric utilities—rose a respectable 30% or so.

Between now and the end of the year, say analysts, stock prices could break further records, with large jumps in big-name, high-capitalization stocks. IBM, at 118 last week, could go to 150 by next August, and General Electric could rise from 48 to 70. Even though those and many other issues have risen sharply during the past year, they still are viewed as undervalued.

Wall Street's more optimistic bulls see stock prices rising for the rest of the decade and well into the 1990s. The 1000 level on the Dow, cracked only a few times in history before last November, may be a new floor for stock prices. Says Morgan Stanley Portfolio Strategist Barton Biggs: "The Dow will never see 1000 again." Value Line Chairman Arnold Bernhard, 81, who has watched the market for six decades, foresees a Dow of 1400 by the end of the year, 1800 to 2200 in three or four years. Bernhard believes that stocks, particularly of Dow Jones companies, are grossly undervalued, just as they were during the market's Depression trough half a century ago. Says he: "We are really looking at the market bottom right now."

Probably the bull market's most enduring legacy will be a renewed confidence on the part of Americans that there is money to be made in stocks. The market came along at just the right time, when inflation was abating. To investors, that meant that real return on stocks—and all other financial investments, for that matter—was higher because it was not being consumed by inflation. Already the number of American shareholders is back at about 32 million, 7 million more than in the mid-1970s. That will make for all the more revelry at future bull-market birthdays. *—By John S. DeMott. Reported by Frederick Ungeheuer/New York*

The Newest Crapshoot



Thomas Hicks has abandoned his commercial photography business in Portland, Ore., to devote himself to trading them. Webb Williams, Exxon Corp.'s trust fund manager, spends an increasing portion of his time investing in them for his company. So does Charles Stevenson, who operates his own New York–based money management firm.

Venturesome traders across the U.S. are turning an esoteric-sounding new way of investing money into one of the hottest and fastest-growing ways to cash in on the bull market: stock index futures contracts. They are akin to commodities contracts, but on nothing so tangible as pork bellies or bushels of wheat. More than 1 million of the contracts changed hands in July, and their daily value at times reached $5 billion.

Stock index futures, introduced in February 1982 and now traded on exchanges in Chicago, Kansas City and New York, are basically bets on whether the entire stock market will rise or fall. Each of the contracts covers a measure of market performance such as Standard & Poor's index of 500 stocks, the New York Stock Exchange composite and the Value Line survey of 1,700 issues. The security's price is typically determined by multiplying the level of an index by $500. A contract based on a Standard & Poor's index that stands at 160, for example, would be worth $80,000 ($500 times 160). To invest, a buyer would have to put down something less than 10% of that amount, or about $6,000. The investor would then stand to make or lose $500 on every point the index rose or fell. If it were to jump to, say, 165, the purchaser would have a profit of $2,500 ($500 times 5). If the index dropped to 155, he would lose $2,500.

Trading in the contracts can therefore be expensive and risky. "These instruments are not for the small investor," says Louis Margolis, vice president of the Salomon Bros. investment banking firm. "It's the doctors, dentists and big institutions that have been dealing in them."

Exchanges, meanwhile, have been moving to make index trading more affordable. They offer a rapidly growing array of relatively inexpensive options to buy or sell contracts, for example, and thus let investors limit their risks to what an option costs. Some can be bought for less than $1,000. In addition, the Chicago Mercantile Exchange last month launched a contract based on a Standard & Poor's roundup of 100 stocks that can be invested in for about $3,000. It is already a brisk seller.

Feeling the Heat

The corn-crop outlook shrivels

For years, plentiful harvests have been the grocery shopper's best friend. Thanks to the rich yield of American farms, food prices have risen more slowly than inflation since 1979. But last week the Government disclosed that the combination of bad weather and a controversial farm-subsidy program may augur steeper increases ahead. Based on an Aug. 1 survey, the Department of Agriculture estimated that the 1983 corn crop will be only 5.24 billion bu. That output would be 38% below last year's record level and would represent the smallest harvest since 1974.

Because corn is the main feed for cows, hogs and chickens, the shortfall will probably raise meat prices by the spring of 1984. Government economists estimate that the increases will drive up next year's grocery costs by 5% to 8%. Since such figures are an average for all foods, the prices of beef, pork and poultry are apt to jump even more. In the months immediately ahead, however, those prices may show an interim drop, since farmers anticipating rising grain costs because of the poor harvest will tend to sell off their livestock.

The diminished corn prospects are largely due to the Agriculture Department's payment in kind (PIK) program, which began with this year's crop. PIK is designed to ease the buildup of farm surpluses by giving surplus grain to farmers who idle their land. The program, which some critics label a windfall, brought about a planned 27% drop in the corn acreage planted this year. In July the Government estimated that the reduction would trim the 1983 corn harvest to 6.2 billion bu.

But drought and torrid temperatures quickly threw that forecast off kilter by at least 1 billion bu. The harsh weather arrived just as the corn was entering its crucial tasseling stage and kernels were starting to form. Now cornstalks are dying weeks ahead of schedule, as much of the farm belt's normally rich, brown soil is becoming increasingly yellow and cracked. Says Larry Quandt, who raises corn and soybeans in southern Illinois: "If the drought lasts any longer, it's going to be an extremely rough year."

Some economists are already predicting that this year's crop may be even smaller than the 4.7 billion bu. harvested in 1974. Nevertheless, many farmers stand to gain from the shortfall. Corn now sells for some $3.50 per bu., up more than $1 from last year. In part because of such prices, the Government currently forecasts that overall U.S. farm income could reach some $27 billion this year, compared with $22.1 billion in 1982. ■

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"Please Try Again Later"

Phone workers walk out, but the calls still go through, sort of

"Operator, well, could you help me place this call?/ See, the number on the matchbook is old and faded./ She's living in L.A./ With my best old ex-friend Ray."

If the jilted lover in Jim Croce's 1972 pop ballad *Operator* had been trying to reach his old girlfriend last week, he might have heard a polite but unresponsive recorded message: "I'm sorry, but due to a work stoppage, there may be a delay in answering your call. Will you please try again later?" The operators were on strike against A T & T, as were phone installers, maintenance workers and repairmen. In the first nationwide telephone walkout since 1971, some 675,000 members of three unions (Communications Workers of America, International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, Telecommunications International Union) were demanding higher pay and greater job security.

Harried and hurried, A T & T's 227,000 supervisory personnel worked shifts as long as 14 hours to fill in for the strikers. Thanks to the high level of automation in the phone system, most service continued to be remarkably smooth. Direct-dial calls generally zipped through the computerized networks with no trouble. But people who needed information or help in making long-distance calls encountered bothersome delays. Mary Lynn Graham, an Ohio State University journalism student, had to try four times over 30 minutes before successfully making a collect call to her parents in Dayton. Ohio Bell reported that on the first day of the strike its supervisors could handle only 153,000 operator-assisted long-distance calls, instead of the normal 289,000.

Phone installations were postponed, and repair work was held up. Southern New England Telephone admitted that problems normally fixed in a day were going untended for as long as four days. Troubleshooting managers swapped suits and ties for work shirts and blue jeans as they clambered up telephone poles and crawled into manholes. Many had never done repair work before; armed with diagrams, they got a quick, on-the-scene education. In San Francisco, two supervisors for Pacific Telephone embarked on a fairly routine repair of a neighborhood box of circuits at 6 p.m. and did not make it back to their office until 4 a.m. Said Eileen Short, Pacific Telephone's maintenance manager: "Sometimes it's the blind leading the blind. They're hanging in there, but we'll see how long they can."

Adding to the pressure, vandals slashed telephone cables and temporarily cut off service to several small pockets of homes and businesses across the U.S. Among the places hit: parts of Miami, Dallas, Detroit, Reno, suburban Philadelphia and a few towns in upstate New York. New Jersey Bell reported 25 acts of sabotage during the first three days of the strike, including a cut cable that disrupted service to a state police barracks and Fort Dix, a major Army base. Though direct evidence linking striking workers to the crimes is scarce, they are naturally the prime suspects. In one case, a striking Southern Bell employee and his grown son were arrested for pulling the wires out of a telephone box in Gainesville, Fla.

On the picket lines, the mood was militant. In Denver, strikers carried signs that read MA BELL ABUSES HER KIDS. Violence occasionally erupted. In Brooklyn, strikers tossed eggs at people crossing a picket line and scuffled with police. Three officers suffered cuts and abrasions, and three strikers were arrested for disorderly conduct or inciting to riot. In Atlanta, Picketer B.J. Griffin was hit in the mouth with a BB, apparently fired by a sniper, outside a downtown Southern Bell office. After spending the night in a hospital, Griffin was back on the line the next morning.

A picket sending a message in Chicago

A supervisor coping in New York City

"They're hanging in there," but how long?

Meanwhile, in Washington, A T & T and the unions seemed to be far apart on terms for a new three-year contract. The company offered raises of up to 3.5% in the first year, plus cost of living increases over the rest of the contract that would amount to 75% of the rise in the consumer price index. But Communications Workers President Glenn Watts, representing some 525,000 of the strikers, declared that his union wanted "at least double" what the company was putting on the table.

In addition, the unions demanded company-financed training programs to upgrade employee skills and a voice in decisions about the introduction of new technology, which the workers fear could threaten thousands of jobs. A T & T, however, was eager to gain givebacks from the workers. The company asked, for example, that employees pay up to 25% of the cost of their medical insurance, a suggestion that the unions flatly rejected.

A T & T's chief negotiator, Rex Reed, met briefly with Watts several times last week, but the talks were fruitless. Watts, who has led three previous rounds of bargaining with A T & T since 1974 and has always won big wage gains for his union, predicted that the strike could go on "a very long time." Said he: "At the moment, I don't see any kind of an immediate agreement at all. If the company's negotiators have any intention of changing their position, they're the straightest-faced poker players I've ever been up against."

Hanging over the bargaining is A T & T's impending breakup. To settle an antitrust suit, A T & T's local operating companies will spin off into seven independent regional units next Jan. 1. Because of uncertainty over how profitable each will be, both labor and management seemed anxious to strike the best deal they could before the divestiture occurs.

Even in the past, the regional divisions of the Bell System have complicated the contract ratification process. The nationwide strike in 1971 lasted only a week, but 32,000 employees of New York Telephone rejected the agreement and stayed off the job for seven months.

Union leaders admitted last week that a prolonged strike could not shut down the telephone system, but they warned that service would gradually deteriorate as the company fell further and further behind on repairs. If that happens, the busy signals and "I'm sorry" recordings could become an increasingly frequent annoyance. ***—By Charles P. Alexander. Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington, with other bureaus***

Among Friends

Hammer's China deal

Prospects for the agreement first glimmered at a Houston barbecue four years ago. Deng Xiaoping, Communist Party Vice Chairman of the People's Republic of China, who was making a brief U.S. tour, was introduced to Armand Hammer, 85, chairman of Occidental Petroleum. Brushing aside the interpreter, Deng said, "No introduction is necessary. We know Dr. Hammer as the American who helped Lenin. Why don't you come to China and help us as well?" Hammer, whose close trade ties with the Soviet Union stretch back for more than half a century, said that he would be happy to deal with the Chinese. He pointed out, however, that his age forced him to travel on his company jet, *Oxy-1*, a white Boeing 727, and private planes were effectively banned in China. Replied Deng: "It can be arranged. You send me a cable when you are ready to come."

Two months later, Hammer made his first trip. After several subsequent visits, his travels paid off. Occidental (1982 sales: $18.2 billion) has become the first U.S. company to win oil rights from the Chinese in a round of competitive bidding. By early next year, the Los Angeles–based company and a consortium of minority foreign partners expect to begin drilling on two 415-sq.-mi. tracts in the South China Sea. Said Hammer, who celebrated his success in the banquet hall of the Peking Hotel while a Chinese orchestra played *Turkey in the Straw*: "This is one of the largest unexplored basins in the world. We are very proud."

The bidding for tracts in the 58,000-sq.-mi. area in the Yellow and South China seas has consumed 18 months and attracted 33 companies, including 16 from the U.S. In May a group headed by British Petroleum won the first contract. The Occidental-led group is expected to spend $120 million on exploration. If it is successful in discovering commercial quantities of crude, the production contract will run for 15 years; China will get up to 51% of the proceeds.

Like the nation itself, China's offshore oil deposits are enormous but somewhat mysterious. They are estimated to range in volume between 30 billion and 100 billion bbl., which would make them perhaps the equal of the North Sea field. But for technical and political reasons China cannot maintain production from its existing wells, much less develop these huge crude reserves by itself. Last year China signed a separate joint-development contract with Atlantic Richfield, which has already begun test drilling in a 3,500-sq.-mi. block off the coast of Viet Nam.

In winning the contracts for Occidental, Hammer has succeeded in becoming accepted by Premier Zhao Ziyang as "China's old friend." Last year Hammer completed 2½ years of negotiations for a study that may lead to joint development of the world's largest open-pit coal mine in Shanxi province, west of Peking.

For Hammer, striking deals with Communist nations is nearly instinctive by now. He made his first trip to the Soviet Union in 1921 to help out during a typhoid epidemic. By 1925 Hammer had won a Soviet concession to manufacture writing implements. According to one source, his plant produced 72 million pencils and 95 million pens in a single year.

The Chinese have expressed no public misgivings about dealing with a friend of the Soviets. Nor have they shown any outward unease over Hammer's capitalist ways. During his last trip, Hammer and 23 members of his party stayed in a Peking guesthouse that was once occupied by Mao's incarcerated widow Jiang Qing (reported rent: $5,000 a day). As for Hammer, he says that the rewards of doing business with the Chinese outweigh the difficulties, but "like any good salesman, you have to know the territory." ■

Occidental's chairman, left, with Qin Wencai, head of China's offshore-oil company

The orchestra played Turkey in the Straw *while officials celebrated the winning bids.*

Emerald Oil

Ireland gushes with hope

If autos could run on peat, the Irish would be energy sultans. But because the republic (pop. 3.4 million) has almost no other known resources of fuel, it must satisfy 65% of its energy needs with imported oil. For more than a decade, Ireland has been green with envy over Britain's North Sea petroleum windfall and has searched vainly for its own bonanza. Lately, though, Dublin has been awash in a gusher of speculation about a discovery in the Celtic Sea, which separates Ireland and Britain. Last week the rumors proved to be valid. Gulf Oil acknowledged that a test well only 20 miles south of the Waterford coast had produced a flow that suggests a sizable field. The early results, said Junior Energy Minister Eddie Collins, "are very encouraging indeed."

The mood on the Dublin and London stock markets resembled an Irish wake. Euphoric investors rushed to buy into oil companies that own stakes in the Celtic Sea. Most bought shares of Atlantic Resources, a tiny Irish company that owns a one-third interest in the promising new find; Union Oil and Gulf own the other two-thirds. In less than two months the company's shares have risen from 46¢ to a high of $7.76. The biggest individual winner appears to be Atlantic Resources Shareholder Anthony O'Reilly, president of H.J. Heinz foods, whose paper profits total an estimated $3.5 million. The stockbrokers' enthusiasm spilled over into Dublin pubs as well, where patrons bypassed the usual topics of politics and horse racing to discuss the fine points of sand porosity and step-out drilling.

If the Celtic Sea discovery proves to be a commercially exploitable field, which can be determined only through further tests, the first revenue would begin flowing in about four years. The output of even a modest field, about 100,000 bbl. a day, would eliminate Ireland's $1 billion annual oil-import bill and provide a much needed tonic for the country's depressed economy. Irish unemployment is approaching 15%, with no turnaround in sight. The government has created some new jobs by providing tax incentives to high-tech businesses, but at a cost of higher government deficits and more taxes for wage earners. The government's share of potential offshore-oil revenues, which is expected to be between 8% and 16%, would wipe out a significant chunk of Ireland's $1.1 billion budget deficit.

Until recently, Ireland's exploration for oil has concentrated on Porcupine Basin, a storm-whipped area of the Atlantic 130 miles west of Galway Bay. The poor drilling conditions and evidence of only small deposits in that basin prompted a shift of attention to the shallower, calmer Celtic Sea. The discovery of a field there entails one other bit of Irish luck. The well lies not far offshore from a refinery that is currently used to process imported crude. ■

Requiem for TV's Gender Gap?

A Kansas City anchorwoman's legal victory prompts debate

When Judy Woodruff became a TV news anchor in Atlanta in 1972, the station ordered her to cut her shoulder-length hair. Mary Alice Williams was urged in 1979 by NBC's New York station to change her eye color with tinted contact lenses. Dorothy Reed was forbidden in 1980 by ABC's San Francisco station to plait her hair in corn rows. The three women, and many of their counterparts, cheered last week when Christine Craft, 38, won a $500,000 damage verdict against the former owners of a Kansas City station, KMBC, that dropped her as an anchor in 1981. Craft charged that Station Manager R. Kent Replogle told her she was "too old, unattractive and not deferential enough to men."

At first glance, the decision seemed a major victory for the proposition that women deserve to be treated as more than set decoration: a jury of four women and two men found that Metromedia, Inc.* had defrauded Craft by hiring her as a journalist and then attempting to make her over as a camera presence. The jurors also recommended that U.S. District Judge Joseph Stevens find Metromedia guilty of sex discrimination. Said Jury Foreman Kenneth Green: "We hope we have helped women in broadcasting." The case took on a symbolic importance for women's groups, who contributed to help Craft pay her attorney, Dennis Egan. Said Christine Lund, 39, an anchor at Los Angeles' KABC: "This proves that the public is sharper than I ever thought. The case may be appealed, but you cannot unring this bell."

TV executives and law scholars, however, contend that Craft's victory reflected unusual circumstances, and that it will have limited impact on stations' legal freedom to change personnel. The importance of the case, they said, was that it prompted ethical debate about TV's treatment of women and other issues: the rise of show-business values and market research over news judgment; the role of consultants in shaping a newscast's style, cast and content; the concept of anchors as personalities rather than reporters. Those trends started in local news, but are spreading to the networks, according to some reporters. A CBS correspondent complains: "One executive refers to what we do as 'info-tainment.' "

Concerns about appearance and manner may have a place in a medium that uses personalities to attract viewers to the news. But TV executives around the country said that in Craft's case, the show business considerations were insensitively handled and tinged with sexism. Said General Manager Monte Newman of Chicago's WMAQ: "The people in charge were incredibly dumb." When Craft negotiated with KMBC for the $35,000 job in 1980, she told the station's management that she had resented being "made over" as a bee-stung-lipped, bleached blond for a previous post as a CBS network sports reporter in 1977-78. KMBC's management assured Craft that it would not seek to change her image, then turned her over to Media Associates of Dallas for training in makeup and hairstyling; the station also set up a "clothing calendar" to ensure that she would wear each outfit only once every three weeks. By contrast, few cosmetic demands were made of Craft's male co-anchor, Scott Feldman, 34, who had been there longer and was paid $9,000 more. After Manager Replogle told Craft she would be demoted to reporter, she quit to return to anchoring (at $25,000 a year) at KEYT in Santa Barbara.

During Craft's eight-month tenure, KMBC's news ratings rose from second place to first in the six-station market, which is the nation's 27th largest. Nonetheless, the station hired consultants to test her appeal further. Perhaps the most damaging evidence against Metromedia was an audio tape of a research discussion in which Steve Meacham, a Media Associates employee, said to a group of local viewers, "Let's spend 30 seconds destroying Christine Craft. Is she a mutt?"

The TV tradition of hiring mostly young, comely women for reporters or anchors started long before consultants—in the early 1950s era of untutored "weather girls"—and is shared by the networks. TV executives say they are only bowing to audience tastes. Admits ABC News Vice President David Burke: "Women in this business face pressures that men do not, but those pressures often stem from the public." They are surely most acute on women over 40. Says Anchor Wendy Tokuda, 33, of San Francisco's KPIX: "Male broadcast journalists grow more distinguished and credible, but the women just get older." There are notable survivors: Barbara Walters, 51, of ABC; Pauline Frederick, who retired in 1974 at age 65 from NBC; Reporter Taris Savell, 52, of Pensacola's WEAR; Commentator Dorothy Fuldheim of Cleveland's WEWS, who has signed another three-year contract at age 90. But as CBS White House Correspondent Lesley Stahl, 41, contends, "It is generally uncharted waters whether women can age on camera."

The issue, however, may be shifting from sex to age. Says Reporter Zoe Levin, 36, of Kansas City's WDAF: "Today the emphasis on cosmetics applies to men as well." At the networks, some older male correspondents, including CBS Veterans George Herman, 63, and Robert Pierpoint, 58, have been pushed into secondary roles. When ABC and NBC realign their evening newscasts next month, the average age of the three lead network anchormen will be a relatively youthful 46. Says ABC News President Roone Arledge: "It is a fact of life—when your face is out there as your byline, cosmetic factors are involved." Arledge's attitude seems ingrained in TV executives across the country, and in audiences. Even Crusader Craft does not expect much change. She sums up: "This is a victory for civil rights, but I have no illusions that it will make a huge difference in TV news."

—By William A. Henry III. Reported by Miriam Pepper/Kansas City, with other bureaus

RADER—KANSAS CITY TIMES

A triumphant Craft and Attorney Egan face reporters outside the courthouse

Claiming gains for women's rights and for substance over show business.

*Metromedia was also hit with a $1.5 million sex-discrimination suit by a Boston station employee who was demoted after taking a maternity leave, and a two-day, 22% drop in the value of its stock following an article criticizing its accounting practices in *Barron's*, the business magazine

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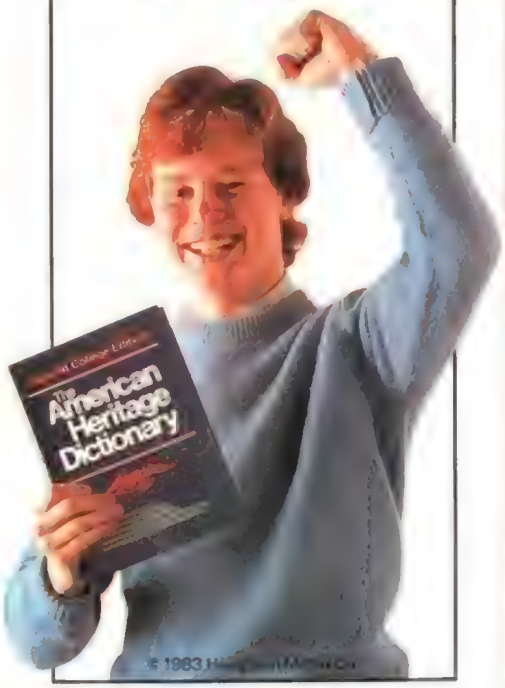


Press

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

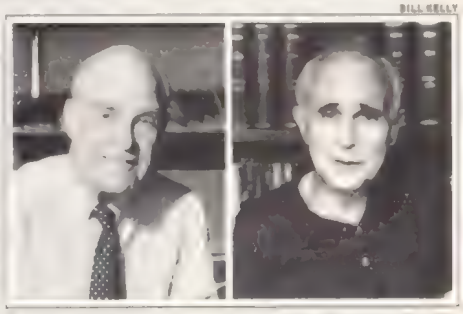
Allowing Advance Peeks

Even more than most readers, businessmen are apt to complain about stories written about them. Considering the press's "spotty record" for fairness and accuracy, *New England Business* magazine lamented in a recent editorial that "somewhere in the deep past, the journalistic trade decided that it was unprofessional" to show an article in advance to its principal source. Founded in 1952, *New England Business* (circ. 45,000) is now proudly violating that rule, though "sometimes this leads to difficult conversations." It finds businessmen grateful, but the practice is not a total guarantee of accuracy: "One company reviewed a complete story in which its own name was slightly misspelled and missed the error."

The idea has a plausible sound, but it's not about to take off. It is not even a new idea. FORTUNE magazine reluctantly found it necessary to make the same commitment in its early years. The launching of FORTUNE was proclaimed just one week before Black Thursday, the stock-market crash of 1929. (Its founder, Henry R. Luce, decided to go ahead anyway after learning from the experts that "this slump may last as long as one year.") Luce wanted a magazine of business that would go beyond "the stale Get-Rich Maxims of onetime errand boys." He knew that businessmen got as "kittenish as a Victorian subdeb" when caught in the public eye but was not prepared for how hesitant corporations were to open their doors.

In those days, stockholders were entitled to little information, the public to even less: businessmen had not progressed much beyond William Henry Vanderbilt's "the public be damned" attitude. To get the access it wanted, FORTUNE agreed to show corporations articles in advance, to let them comment and correct errors but not to edit or dictate changes. About 15 years ago, FORTUNE abandoned the practice that *New England Business* is reviving.

BILL KELLY



Young: "Problems" **Michaels: "Readers first"**

"I wish 'em well, but they're opening the doors to problems," says Lewis Young, the editor in chief of *Business Week*. Young recalls that in the days before the SEC existed, "there were no required disclosures, no data. Editors had to guess at sales figures." One enterprising FORTUNE writer, doing a story on the secretive Campbell Soup Co., noted how much butter went into a vat of tomato soup, priced the cost of wholesale butter and other ingredients and figured Campbell's annual profits at $6 million. He also estimated the estate of its former owner at $120 million. A Campbell executive, seeing the article in advance, corrected the figure to $115 million. Unfortunately, businessmen constantly wanted to make other changes, which led to hassles. What an editor considers interpretation, explains *Business Week's* Young, the businessmen call a fact.

Business and journalism are in a more even balance now. More facts are on public record; corporations have set up sophisticated public relations operations; executives often find it prudent to talk to the press even when the news is embarrassing. All business magazines routinely back-check figures with corporate sources. But they do not provide a prepublication chance to learn what a competitor said or allow a quote by one of the corporation's own executives to be modified. Nobody wants to put out a *Congressional Record* full of flattened-out prose and "extended remarks."

"It's not a good idea," says James W. Michaels, the editor of *Forbes*. "Business journalism is so competitive these days that when we get an idea, we want to get it out first, without delay. Our first duty is to the readers. We want to make sure they—the business and investment readers—get the first look."

There is less careless reporting and ignorant questioning in business journalism than there used to be. Still, grievances exist. Corporations (unlike ordinary folk) at least can take out an ad in rebuttal. Mobil in particular likes to express itself on all kinds of public questions. In an ad, a company is free to put its best foot forward, and if figures are cited, they will almost certainly be accurate. But the reader wonders whether other facts and contrary arguments have been given their full weight. Skeptical questioning is missing. That is the role the press plays, and it plays it best when it keeps a neutral distance not too hand in glove with its source.

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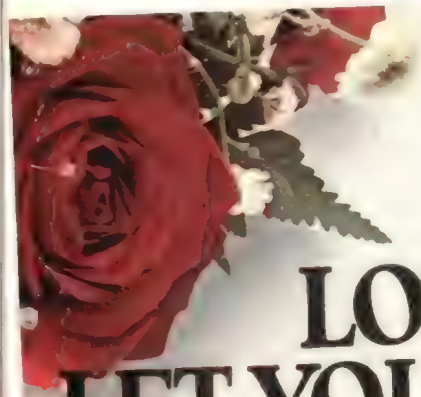

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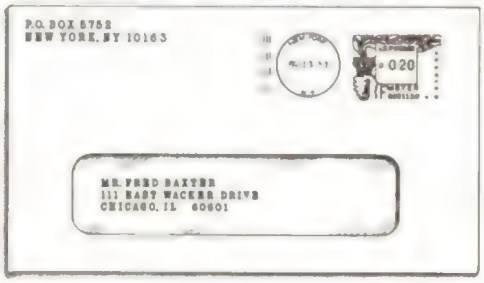

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Checking print-outs by poolside at a Texas Instruments resort in Chico, Calif.; cutting a high-tech profile at Club Med's Punta Cana retreat

Computers

Mixing Suntans with Software

Camps that cater to adults are making a summer splash

When Richard Schnelker packed his eleven-year-old daughter Suzanne off to a computer camp in Georgia's northern mountains, he packed his own bags as well. Blue Ridge CompuCamp was offering parents, for $375 a week, a chance to catch up with their children's knowledge of computers, and the 45-year-old lottery-company executive from Atlanta was determined to do just that. "Suzanne played tennis and hiked," he says. "But I was in that computer center ten hours a day for five days."

In other times, such overt parent-child rivalry might be considered unhealthy. These days it is considered smart. By the end of his week in the mountains, Schnelker had written and debugged a 1,000-line BASIC program and learned enough about computers to hold his own with both the programmers on his staff and the young know-it-alls at home. And Schnelker is not alone. This summer thousands of men and women are signing up for the nation's newest form of vacation retreat: the adult computer camp.

Like their juvenile counterparts, the camps for grownups combine indoor instruction with outdoor exercise, and are available for anything from a long weekend to a week or more. Typically, hands-on classes with the machines begin right after breakfast and continue until lunch. In the afternoon, such activities as hiking and boating are offered, although most campers head back to the keyboards for marathon sessions that may drag on until lights out. But it is not all work and no play. Says Eugene Galanter, who runs the Summer Computer Institute at Amherst College in Massachusetts: "We also have an occasional break for martinis."

Camp settings range from the spartan to the sublime. In Scotts Valley, Calif., Nolan Bushnell, the founder of Atari, will provide a rustic redwood scene where campers bring their own sleeping bags and mix VisiCalc with volleyball. The Computer Resort in Chico, Calif., sponsored by Texas Instruments, features jumbo-size steaks barbecued around a swimming pool. Princess Cruises in Los Angeles will coordinate 15 hours of classes with a ten-day sail that includes calls at Mazatlán, Puerto Vallarta and Acapulco. Cost: $1,995. Prefer your silicon seminars on terra firma? For $879, Club Med provides Atari computers along with white-sand beaches and piña coladas at Punta Cana in the Dominican Republic.

"Why should children be the only ones having fun?" asks William Gallagher, who started an adult computer camp with his wife Deborah at their home in Oakland, Calif. This summer the couple moved their operation to the 1,200-acre Silverado resort in Napa Valley and opened workshops in San Jose, San Diego, Seattle, Phoenix and Lake Tahoe. "We teach our guests what software to buy and what computer will fit their needs," says Gallagher. "We want them to be able to defend themselves in the computer world."

The relaxed setting of a camp helps soothe the anxieties that overwhelm many adults when confronted with a computer. Susan Cooper, co-owner of a New York City messenger service, went to the Amherst institute to catch up with her 14-year-old son John. Back home now in Ridgewood, N.J., she can look with new insight at print-outs of the programs he has written. "Finally, I understand what I was missing," she says. "He had grasped something that had eluded me for years."

For some, computer camping is a family affair. Hedy Messinger brought her mother, 68, and her two children, Candy, 7, and Mark, 13, to Clarkson College's Family Computer Camp in Potsdam, N.Y. At first, she was fearful that a heavy dose of computerese would bore her parent. Not so. "She was absolutely riveted," says Messinger. "We had to drag her away from the machine just to make sure she got nourishment."

An added benefit for adults, but not children, is that the cost of a computer camp can often be a tax write-off. Many camps point out in their brochures that the Internal Revenue Service regards computer instruction as a tax-deductible business expense. —***By Philip Elmer-DeWitt. Reported by Joyce Leviton/Atlanta, with other bureaus***

Mother, daughter and grandmother at Clarkson College

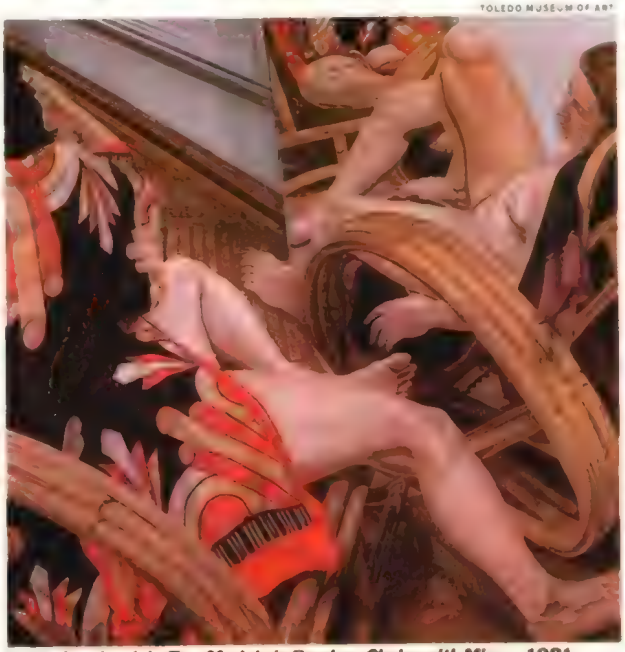
"Why should children be the only ones having fun?"

A Roomful of Naked Strangers

In Brooklyn a new look at Philip Pearlstein's bold realism

The retrospective of 114 paintings and drawings by Philip Pearlstein, which was organized by Russell Bowman at the Milwaukee Art Museum last spring and may be seen at the Brooklyn Museum until Sept. 15, is a dense and satisfying show. Pearlstein is one of those painters whose work always contains surprises, because one tends to feel more familiar with it than one is. What is so new about a nude in a room, done over and over again? Quite a lot, in fact. Pearlstein is by now a fixture of the museums and art-history books. He is 59 this year, and probably did more to "break the ice" for realist painting in America than any other artist of his generation. What is on the walls in Brooklyn embodies a struggle with convention as tenacious as any in modern American painting.

TOLEDO MUSEUM OF ART

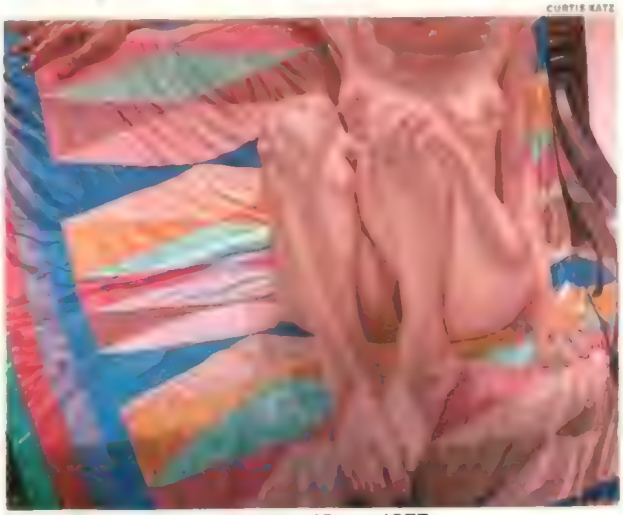


Philip Pearlstein's *Two Models in Bamboo Chairs with Mirror*, 1981

As Art Historian Irving Sandler remarks in his catalogue essay, Pearlstein "resumed what an avant-garde some three-quarters of a century earlier had proclaimed to be academic"—modeled painting of the naked human body. The studio nude, posed, had been the very protein (or, to its detractors, the basic starch) of *salon* painting from Ingres to Bouguereau. It was thrust into eclipse by impressionism because it carried an aura of the posed, the stagy, the allegorical, and post-impressionism finished it off. The nude became a casualty of the means painters chose to assert their pictorial honesty: the near religious cult of flatness. The intricate bumps and hollows, bosses and knots and smooth rotundities of the bodily landscape were generalized down to patches. By the start of Pearlstein's career, in the ebb tide of abstract expressionism, the very idea of rendering the posed body in a room seemed absurd; it required the most taboo act known to late modernism, making a spatial illusion, turning the flat plane into a window.

Taboos are made to be broken; one sees today why Pearlstein was interested in an artist so totally unlike himself, the Dadaist Francis Picabia, who conceived his work as a constant affront to received taste. Painting the studio nude, Pearlstein declared allegiances very different from those common in the New York art world of the late '50s. In neither hedonism nor irony nor self-expression, he wanted to go back and start from Gustave Courbet, painting the naked body in a spirit of detached, colloquial reportage, as though all the proscriptions against figure painting had lost their magic. To suppose this was not a radical act, one would need to know very little about the pressures of ideology and convention in the New York art world of the time. Realist figurative painting was as unpopular then as abstract art is now.

CURTIS KATZ



***Female Model on Lozenge Patterned Drape*, 1977**

Pearlstein's "look," with its tallowy monumentality, its peculiar blend of remoteness and intimacy, did not appear overnight. In the early '50s his paint was as roiled and heavy as any young abstract painter's: his interest in Picabia's machine-body images shows in a 1950 painting of a scrawny nude being attacked by a bathroom shower, and there is even a sign of Pop imagery to come in a 1952 painting of Superman, blue-chinned as a Mafioso and bulgy as the Laocoön (to which his pose refers), flying over the pinnacles of Metropolis. But by the mid-'50s Pearlstein had begun to concentrate on landscape, and the basic motifs of his later work were beginning to emerge. There are studies of rocks and cliffs in this show, plain mineral matter pushed against the eye, whose closeness and rotundity, cracks and fissures, uncannily predict the nude bodies Pearlstein would be scrutinizing 20 years later. But, he later remarked, he chose them because they looked like abstract expressionist compositions. For a while he stayed with landscape, painting it in Italy—the sun-inflamed bricks of Roman ruins, the cliffs at Positano running like wax in a controlled chaos of juicy brush marks, paying the necessary homages to De Kooning and, further back, to Soutine's landscapes at Céret. Then on his return to New York City in 1959, he concentrated on the human figure and, with a few exceptions (such as some paintings of the Canyon de Chelly in Arizona, done in 1975, and some cityscapes of Lower Manhattan from a Greenwich Village high-rise), ignored the outdoors thereafter. What he wanted was something perfectly controllable, a situation rigged and permeated by aesthetic choice, a setup: a hired anonymous figure under floodlights, in a room.

For Pearlstein's idea of realism had nothing to do with the conventional picture: an artist plants his easel before a scene and transcribes it as best he can. On the contrary, he wanted the rules of the game to be apparent. This meant declaring the artifice of pose, cropping, lighting and visual

angle, as conscious elements of subject. Nothing about the final image would seem "found"; if a leg cut the corner of the canvas at 45°, that was because Pearlstein wanted it to, not because the model happened to sit that way. He said he wanted his art to look "strongly conditioned by procedures," which is why it came to seem—perversely at first, then inevitably—aligned with "systematic" art in the '70s, even with minimalism. Pearlstein's mature pictures do not suggest that you have walked into a room and come across some people sitting or standing there. The framing and angles are too conscious for that. The eyeline jumps up to 7 ft. above the ground; the top of the canvas slices off the model's head. Sometimes, particularly in recent works like *Two Models in Bamboo Chairs with Mirrors*, 1981, the relationship between body, furniture, patterned cloth and their mirrored reflections takes on an almost conundrum-like air. Pearlstein's space is so transparent that one cannot at first tell the body from its reflection. The eye sorts through the rhymes, counterparts and fragments, reassembling the scene against the resistance of the pattern, its responses dominated by the strong, smooth ovals of the bamboo chair arms. He gives inanimate pattern, like baseboard moldings, a Kilim rug, the herringbone parquet of a floor or the florid Deco geometries of a wrap, a pictorial importance equal to the sallow flesh. And yet it is not true that everything gets reduced to pattern. Pearlstein's eye is harsh and factual, and it takes in the conditions of pose without eliding them. One knows that his models are tired, their faces sag in boredom, their muscles are barely awake. The mechanics of the studio are acknowledged too. If the edge of an easel casts two shadows because two floodlights are aimed at it, they end up in the painting.

This collision between the formal, procedural side of Pearlstein's work and its ungeneralized directness of observation is what gives his paintings their "cold," unsettling look. And something else: for there is no painter today who rejects, more tellingly, the idealist distinction between the "naked" and the "nude." There is a blunt sexuality in Pearlstein's work that the conspicuous formal devices frame, rather than abolish. This formality is not voyeuristic, cute, *Playboy*ish or "earthy"; it offers nothing and does not even try to be inviting. It arises from Pearlstein's fascination with the strangeness of flesh, the otherness of bodies not his own. In other words, his style isolates that quality in nakedness that the conventions of the pinup and the titillations of high-art nudes seek to cover: the fact that the skin is a frontier as well as a surface. Most of the objections to Pearlstein's frigidity seem to connect to this fact without acknowledging it, and yet it is one of the chief insights of his work, very much a part of its growing claim on our attention. Realism, we learn once more, is neither a simple nor an easy matter. —*By Robert Hughes*

BACK ROW: Clarence Rayman '53; Lawrence Burns '60; Garland Dannenberg '75; Charlie Walker '71
FRONT ROW: Bill C. Fanning '75; Lee Gray '66; Lamont Weaver '67; Herb Fanning '78

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As Good as Anyone Ever

Reflections of twelve Hall of Famers still on temporary display

No matter how old a man happens to be, one thing is sure. The baseball players have deteriorated since his youth. Baseball is the last popular team sport played by people of normal size: every shape actually. The geometry of the game has held up for 114 years, and the rules are basically unchanged. So each generation is measured against the same rough marks on the barn. Though it seems unreasonable to hold that the spectacular athletic improvement calculable in other sports does not apply here, most baseball followers are statistical, not logical. Many are sure to mention that there are ten more major league teams now than in 1962, and therefore, in a way, 250 bush leaguers at large. Certainly baseball no longer enjoys first call on the country's best athletes. Today, Flatbush's Duke Snider, like Stanford's John Elway, might have been persuaded to toss a football.

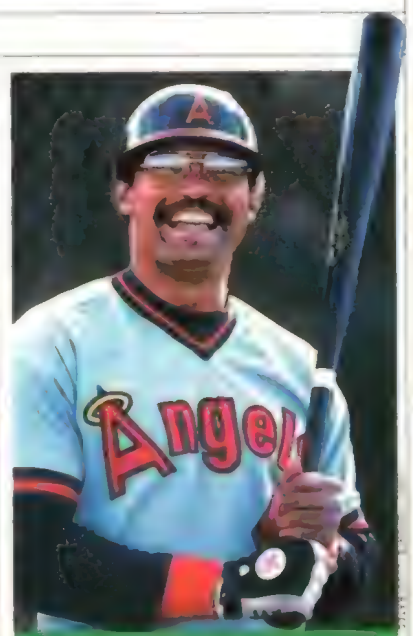
For all this, the lament that ballplayers used to be better remains mostly just a feeling, influenced by modern irritants. Pharmaceutical reports in the sports section have grown longer than the box scores, and money has impinged on the game past the point of cynicism. We look back on impoverished players longingly and regard the present lightly. Awe is reserved for memories, and not always even our own, sometimes our fathers'.

When the Hall of Fame season collides with the dog days of a baseball August, the feeling is emphasized. Two weeks ago in Cooperstown, N.Y., a buckskin village celebrated as the leafy laboratory of Abner Doubleday, Baltimore and Detroit Third Basemen Brooks Robinson and George Kell, San Francisco Pitcher Juan Marichal and Dodger Manager Walter Alston went into the Hall. Just 149 players are enshrined, only 15 having been beckoned on the first wave of the Baseball Writers' Association. (Ballots are cast five years after a player retires and for up to 15 years after that until he receives 75% of some 400 votes or is trundled off to "the Oldtimers Committee.") A mere 65 have been elected by the writers.

Yet, at this instant, there are at least a dozen, and perhaps a couple more, active players with certifiable Hall of Fame credentials,* who will go in easily, almost automatically; not players just well on course like Kansas City's George Brett or San Diego's Steve Garvey; not players with evident Hall of Fame skills like Baltimore's Eddie Murray, Atlanta's Dale Murphy or Milwaukee's Robin Yount. But cinch Hall of Famers on temporary display outdoors: Cincinnati Catcher Johnny Bench, California Outfielder Reggie Jackson, California First Baseman Rod Carew, Philadelphia First Baseman Pete Rose, Philadelphia Second Baseman Joe Morgan, Boston First Baseman Carl Yastrzemski and six pitchers, Philadelphia's Steve Carlton, Houston's Nolan Ryan, Kansas City's Gaylord Perry, the New York Mets' Tom Seaver, Baltimore's Jim Palmer and the Chicago Cubs' Ferguson Jenkins.

"Baseball has been in a golden age without even realizing it," says the Washington *Post's* Tom Boswell. Roger Angell of *The New Yorker* says, "There are any number of players now who are as good as anyone has ever been." Roger Kahn, the baseball author *(Boys of Summer)* and now owner of the minor league Utica Blue Sox, agrees with them. (These three are the heart of the baseball writers' order.) Reacting not unlike the way he did to the Brooklyn Dodgers in the 1950s, Kahn says, "When you pull back, you say, 'My God!' "

In 1969, when Johnny Bench of Binger, Okla., was 21 and just coming forth as the wonder catcher of the Cincinnati Reds, Ted Williams autographed his baseball, "To a Hall of Famer for sure." Turning the ball over in his hand then, and in his heart later, Bench was afraid. "Of failure," he admits now, though he never showed it at the time. "I couldn't believe Ted Williams had even heard of me. Do you think that wasn't pressure?" Bench always seemed to be playing for fame. After hitting 45 home runs in 1970, he toured a war with



REGGIE JACKSON A.L. (1) and W.S. MVP (2); 478 HRs, league leader 4 times; 1,428 RBIs; .269 lifetime

JOE MORGAN N.L. MVP (2); 2nd to Hornsby in HRs by 2nd baseman, 254; top 3 in walks, top 10 in steals; 5 Gold Gloves

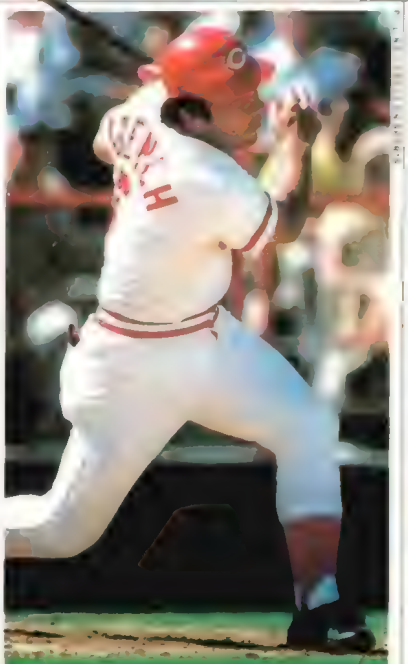
CARL YASTRZEMSKI A.L. MVP; Triple Crown; 3,390 hits and 451 HRs; 3 batting titles; 7 Gold Gloves; .286 lifetime

*All figures calculated as of Aug. 9

Bob Hope. He was on *This Is Your Life* before he had a life. "When you're the MVP," says Bench, who was the National League's Most Valuable Player in 1970 and 1972, "you're it, you're everything. But when you win the World Series [1975 and 1976], it's a team thing, and you can pass a little of it around to teammates who didn't even play much."

One by one the teammates slipped away and, by and by, his skills did too, until abruptly this season, looking out a hotel window one day, Bench acknowledged his loneliness. "The thing is, it's over; there's not much more I can do," he says, so he is retiring. Orchestrating his own last victory lap around the league, Bench accepted a testimonial in Philadelphia a few weeks ago, and then hit a pinch homer to beat the Phillies. It made him feel glorious but not young. "What need does a ballplayer have for drugs and alcohol," sighs Bench, as perplexed about the present as an old man, "when he can have a high like a home run?" He is the alltime home run–hitting catcher. After more than 13 years in a crouch, Bench has been straightening up for a couple of seasons at third base, but he will assume his old position for a day of honor Sept. 17.

Ingeniously (Joe Garagiola, Bob Uecker) or ingenuously (Ernie Lombardi, Yogi), it seems catchers were always made figures of humor, reeling beneath pop-ups, rattling like mimes balancing dishes. But Bench remade catchers glamorously. The way he pounced on a bunt; the way he threw to the base; the way runners piled up on his shinguard as he whapped them one across the beam. Bench lived up to the responsibility of his talent all right. "I pretty well did," he says proudly, but with a palpable sense of relief, and five years from now he will be a Hall of Famer for sure.



JOHNNY BENCH N.L. (2) and W.S. MVP; most HRs by catcher, 324; 10 Gold Gloves; 1,363 RBIs; .267 lifetime

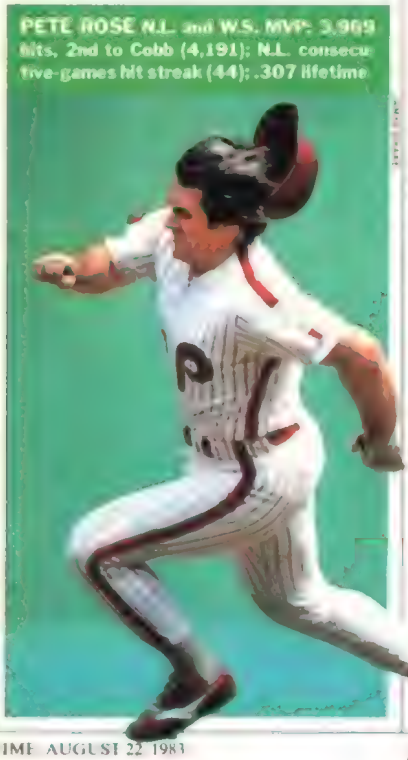
An assurance of fame is not the pressing problem of Reggie Jackson, having seen to that before anything else. Baseball's Muhammad Ali, Jackson announced his greatness during eight seasons in Oakland before achieving it over five years in New York. But as skilled as he is in public relations ("Need any words?" Jackson calls out to the writers), his main ability lies in melodrama and real drama. The most beguiling baseball statistic at the moment is that, since 1970, no American League team has won a World Series without the services of Jackson, though, technically, he missed the 1972 Series, when the A's beat the Reds.

That year, Jackson wrecked a hamstring scoring the run that tied the last playoff game and delivered the A's to the edge of three straight championships. He was on crutches. The World Series of his dreams—for all he knew, his last—was going on without him. His marriage was ruined too. Like the man who throws himself on a hand grenade for his fellows, he had earned the right to feel sorry for himself. "What good is it to make $100,000 a year," he said, "if there's no one to leave a ticket for?" By the next October, Jackson forgot he had said that. He always seemed to be saying pretty things and forgetting them. And he always seemed to be talking in October, and hitting home runs three at a time.

Jackson has 478 home runs, and will have more than 500 before he is stuffed and mounted, though some voters might recall what an indifferent outfielder he was and how frequently, yet sensationally, he struck out (2,078). While Cooperstown was not meant to be a Hall of Celebrities or Controversies (if so, heaven forbid, George Steinbrenner would get in), it is strange to think of a baseball museum without Leo Durocher or Billy Martin, and impossible to exclude Reggie Jackson. "Am I one of the greatest?" he asks, not quite as sure as Ali at that. For the great occasions, he has been. The trouble now in California may be that there is no trouble. Angel Centerfielder Fred Lynn and Third Baseman Doug DeCinces do not need anyone to be the straw that stirs their hot tubs. Prematurely, at 37, Jackson could be dying of boredom.

To Rod Carew, 37, Anaheim may seem to be bustling. He did twelve years' hard time in Minnesota before joining the Angels in 1979. Geography retarded his celebrity, but looking back, seven batting titles later, Carew is grateful. "Minnesota gave me perspective, peace of mind, really," he says. "Tony Oliva taught me. Harmon Killebrew showed me. Here was this big mammoth guy—they called him 'Killer.' So gentle, though. Whether he hit two homers or struck out three times, he handled himself the same way afterward. The only time I think about the Hall of Fame is to think that Harmon Killebrew isn't in it." (With 573 homers, the most of any righthanded hitter in the history of the American League, Killebrew at last appears to be on deck.)

"I would like to be remembered for consistency," Carew says, "and for doing the little things, moving the runner along.



PETE ROSE N.L. and W.S. MVP; 3,969 hits, 2nd to Cobb (4,191); N.L. consecutive five-games hit streak (44); .307 lifetime

ROD CAREW A.L. MVP; 7 batting titles; 14 consecutive .300 seasons; home-stealing record (7); .333 lifetime

I never thought a home run was as beautiful as a ball in the gap and 'Is he going to make it to second?' " Carew is aware that some people think he is inordinately fascinated with his batting average. From his wallet he plucks a gold card that reads, "For those who know me, no explanation is necessary; for those who don't, none is possible." After a pause, Carew says, "I don't need to be in the Hall of Fame to know what I've done, but maybe the election gives you a final sense of belonging. I don't know."

For a lot of reasons, most of them delightful, Pete Rose, 42, is forgiven his own preoccupation with statistics and can even get away with saying, "I want to be the first one to go into the Hall unanimously." At the Phillies locker next door, Joe Morgan's eyebrows are dancing. "I hope you don't think you're as good as Willie Mays," he snaps, and Rose grins. Morgan is not the sort who will need to have his career notarized, but Rose takes these things seriously. "I disagree with waiting five years," he says, typically hurried. "You're a Hall of Famer or you're not. And I say the more Hall of Famers walking around, the better for baseball. Why did [the old Yankee pitcher] Waite Hoyt have to wait until he was 69? We could have used him at 49. The best pitcher I ever faced was Juan Marichal, who went in this year. Why not last year?"

Rose is hardly likely to win every vote, even should he have the most hits of anybody who ever played. Someone will disapprove of his hair style or of the way he flattened Cleveland Catcher Ray Fosse in an All-Star game. But Rose will go in on the fly, and Morgan fairly briskly.

NOLAN RYAN 5,511 strikeouts; 5 300-strikeout seasons; 5 no-hitters (7 1-hitters); 216-191; 3.07 ERA

At 39, Little Joe is winding down now, but for five seasons, not just the two years he was MVP of the National League, Morgan was the whirlwind in Cincinnati's Big Red Machine, and over his 21-year career he has been the most powerful and productive second baseman since Rogers Hornsby. Morgan meets the simplest Hall of Fame criterion. He was the best second baseman of his era. Even in his dotage, Morgan showed others how to win. Possibly his enthusiasm for canonizations is affected by a premonition that Morgan's and Rose's silent partner in Cincinnati and Philadelphia, Tony Perez, will be overlooked as usual. Perez has 1,571 RBIs.

Since Rose always seemed to be from another generation anyway, his formula for measuring eras may be authoritative. "The best then would be the best now, and the best now would be the best then," he says. Athletes are fitter today, obliged by the high stakes to train in the off-season. Mike Schmidt, the Phillies' two-time MVP, only 33 but allowed to contemplate Cooperstown, questions "whether Babe Ruth could even play now." A bit insulted, Rose responds, "Whatever the standard of the day is, the greats meet it. If .330 is leading, that's where Ty Cobb would be—not .380, the level for his day and his equipment, but .330."

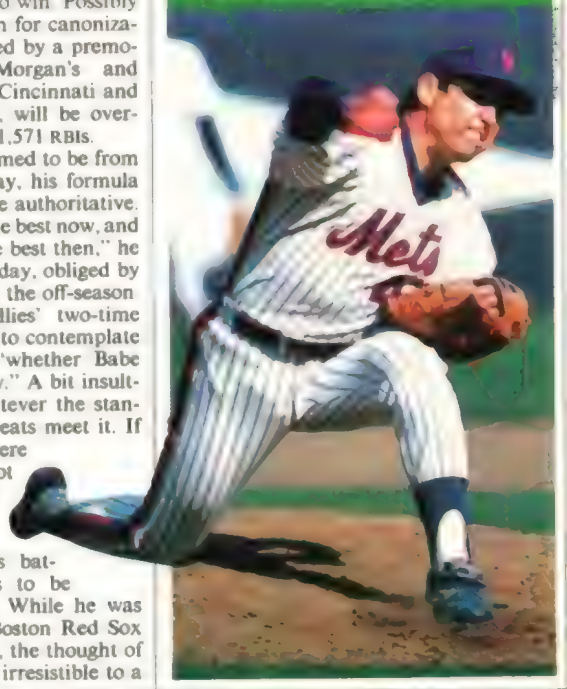
Carl Yastrzemski's batting average happens to be about .300 right now. While he was predisposed to quit the Boston Red Sox after this season, his 23rd, the thought of dawdling must be almost irresistible to a man nearly 44 who finds he can still hit. But Yastrzemski says, "I don't want to chance it any further." A particularly helpless May slump made him fret that he had stayed too long. His Hall of Fame folio (3,390 hits, 451 home runs) is complete. Yaz has been walked intentionally a record 187 times. As a leftfielder, he was as solid as the Fenway Wall. And still he worries about preserving memories. "I have played for one team, one area, and I hope I have represented it with class and am remembered as a winner," he says. It is just that he will miss playing baseball. "I love it, I absolutely love it. I love stepping into the batter's box." The day Yastrzemski steps out, museum curators will mark him for promptest delivery.

When today's senior pitchers began to muster 21 years ago, the 3,000-strikeout ledger consisted of Walter Johnson's name alone. Now he has the company of Steve Carlton and Nolan Ryan, or Nolan Ryan and Steve Carlton, along with Gaylord Perry, Tom Seaver, Ferguson Jenkins, Don Sutton and Hall of Famer Bob Gibson. Whatever inference is drawn about the hitters, this list reads like a page from Burke's Peerage.

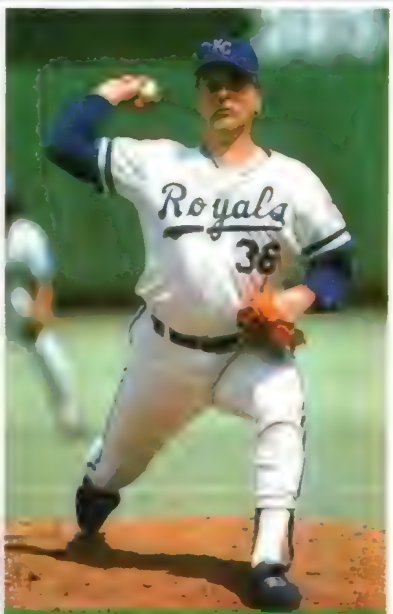
Lefty and Righty—Carlton, 38, and Ryan, 36—keep amending the record to and fro. Carlton nears the bench-mark 300 victories, but he avoids discussing his accomplishments, or anything else, and refuses delivery on Cy Young Awards. Four of them were starting to clutter Philadelphia's Veterans Stadium when Carlton's former catcher, Tim McCarver, almost his private backstop from St. Louis

STEVE CARLTON 4 Cy Young Awards; 3,616 strikeouts; 5 20-win seasons; 294-195; 3.20 ERA

TOM SEAVER 3 Cy Young Awards; 3,219 strikeouts; 5 20-win seasons; 1 no-hitter; 270-167; 2.72 ERA



JIM PALMER 3 Cy Young Awards; 2,187 strikeouts; 8 20-win seasons; 1 no-hitter; 265-147; 2.80 ERA



GAYLORD PERRY 2 Cy Young Awards (both leagues); 5 20-win seasons; 1 no-hitter; 312-263; 3.09 ERA

days, had them shipped to the Hall of Fame. Says McCarver: "The thing about Lefty is, he finds awards, compliments, even conversations, limiting. He's afraid of being satisfied." When Carlton goes to join his plaques, he'll have had exactly five years to think of something to say.

Ryan has taken 1,000 fewer innings gathering his strikeouts, but he also has won 80 fewer games, only 25 more than he has lost. New Yorkers in particular tend to denigrate Ryan's record, recalling the first four seasons with the Mets, his unfamiliarity with home plate. But no other major leaguer ever pitched five no-hitters. "I never anticipated a career as fulfilling as this," says Ryan. He is the opposite of his friend Don Sutton, who began counting toward 300 victories at No. 1 (35 shy of the mark after 18 seasons, Sutton expects he will need them all). Ryan says, "I never set any goals. I struggled to get four years in, then hoped for ten. It was frustrating, I wanted to quit lots of times. But I made it not only through all the criticism but past all the bitterness." Now Ryan describes the pleasure he derives from pitching as "pressure in perspective." And he says, "It's funny, but I'm glad it didn't come easy."

Just a few weeks ago, Gaylord Perry changed big-league uniforms for the eighth time without feeling too sentimental. The most elderly player in either league at nearly 45, he presumably could find work more appropriate to his gray hair and accumulating paunch. "For me, it's a pretty good job and it pays well that's why I'm still playing. I love it, but everyone has to work." Although Perry's figures are in splendid order (312 victories, 3,506 strikeouts), some spitballing he did in his memoirs a few years ago could delay his processing. Sportswriters are wicked moralists. When Perry was apprehended making off with Teammate George Brett's slippery bat recently at Yankee Stadium, Gaylord was not exactly hustling it to the Hall of Fame.

Ferguson Jenkins, 39, the nearest Canadian to Cooperstown, 19 victories from 300, *is* sentimental about his baseball suit. "I am in love with this uniform," he says. "After being married to it for 21 years, the honeymoon is still there. I am in love with my wife and family, but I've also been in love with this game, with these bats, these gloves and my uniform. This uniform is like my wedding dress. Except I get to wear it every day."

Neither Jim Palmer, 37, nor Tom Seaver, 38, will likely scale 300 victories, but they were dominant pitchers in their leagues and have three Cy Young Awards apiece to show it. Each also possesses more than a touch of glamour. A section of Palmer's adolescence was spent residing in the Los Angeles movie community, Beverly Hills, where his habit was to rise early hoping to observe Janet Leigh picking up the paper in her pink peignoir. Now Palmer can be seen in his underwear on billboards, but seldom in uniform on a mound. Pestered by various miseries, Palmer was in the minor leagues last week tuning up for the stretch drive. Ballplayers are notoriously brave about one another's pain, but some Oriole players suspect that his pride and vanity require that Palmer be absolutely perfect now to pitch, and a few wonder if his uniform has been retired already—with him in it.

FERGUSON JENKINS 1 Cy Young Award; 3,166 strikeouts; 7 20-win seasons (6 in a row); 281-224; 3.33 ERA

"There will always be great players," Seaver says, "but I don't know about the pitchers, though. I don't see the names on this list out there now. I just don't know." He has not thought of the Hall of Fame yet, because he cannot pitch there. "I misled myself from the time I was a small boy," he says, "that the celebrations in baseball were the thing. But when the Mets won the World Series in 1969, I realized that wasn't true. The competition is the thing."

Largely because minor-league grooming has been minimized in recent seasons, San Francisco Manager Frank Robinson, a Hall of Famer inducted just last summer, believes, "This current group may be the last of the lot who can be compared favorably to the oldtimers already in the Hall of Fame." Robinson is from the previous group, those "Ruthian black names" (Johnny Bench's perfect phrase) whose passing seemed to contain no renewal, just an end: Henry Aaron, Willie Mays, Roberto Clemente, Bob Gibson, Lou Brock, Willie Stargell.

But maybe it always seems like an end until time passes and you pull back and say, "My God!"

Invariably, an inductee to the Hall of Fame calls it the greatest moment of his life. Since 1965, Jack Lang of the New York *Daily News* has had the happy duty of informing the chosen. "They all want to break down and cry when they hear the news," he says. "It's like somebody just put them in heaven." Heaven better start work on a new wing. —*By Tom Callahan. Reported by Melissa Ludtke/New York*

Do the Rules Now Rule the Waves?

The America's Cup wallows in a slough of bickering

The veneer of decorum that shrouds the baser competitive instincts at Newport, R.I., during an America's Cup summer suddenly seemed in danger of self-destructing. As rain clouds and brisk northeast winds rolled in for the challengers' semifinals last week, the four remaining foreign boats—*Australia II*, Britain's *Victory '83*, Italy's *Azzurra* and *Canada 1*—did their best to concentrate on the business at hand. But a series of byzantine maneuvers by American yachtsmen threatened to turn the dueling on the high seas into an off-the-water battle over rulebook technicalities.

Protective shroud covers the secret keel of *Australia II*

Newport was rife with speculation and byzantine maneuvers.

The first controversy involved the radical keel of the leading foreign challenger, *Australia II*. The brainchild of ebullient Australian Designer Ben Lexcen, the keel has provided Newport with gossip, speculation and creative chicanery all summer. Swathed in blue-green skirts whenever *Australia II* is out of the water, the supersecret keel has been the target of camera-wielding scuba divers from rival camps. One local cartoon lampooned the mysterious keel by depicting it in the shape of a bottle of Swan Lager, a major corporate backer of the *Australia II* effort.

By midsummer, however, the basic features of the keel were common knowledge around Newport: the unusual appendage rakes forward under the hull into a bulb, then sweeps aft into two delta-shaped wings designed to give the boat an advantage while heeled over sailing upwind (*see diagram*). The exact dimensions of the keel were well known to the International Yacht Racing Union's Measurement Committee, which had formally examined *Australia II* for conformity to the complicated 12-meter standards well before the racing began.

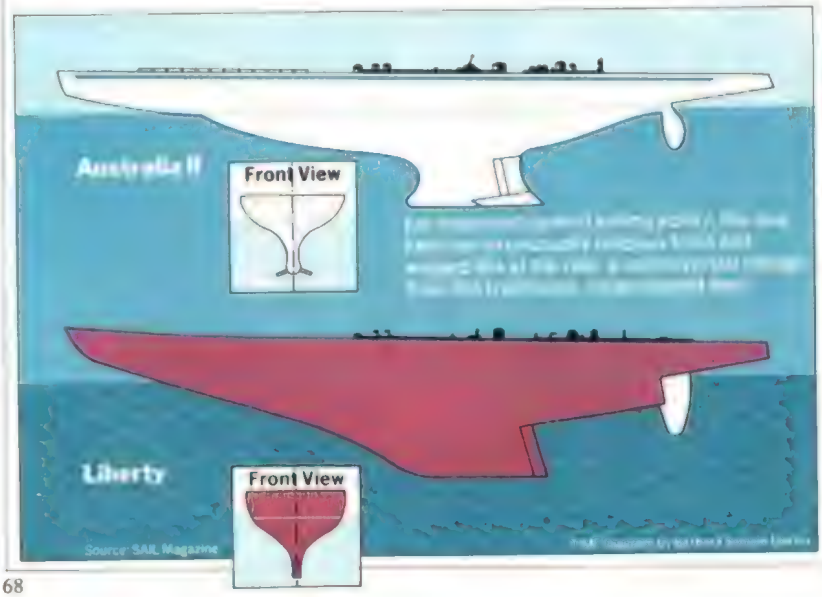
With *Australia II* on its way to an impressive 37-4 won-lost record, Halsey Herreshoff, navigator of the leading American boat, *Liberty*, drafted a complaint, claiming that the keel was illegal and that the Australians should be penalized, disqualified or forced to change its configuration. Otherwise, wrote Herreshoff in his memo to New York Yacht Club officials, *Australia II* "will likely win the America's Cup." No foreign boat has ever done that in the 132-year history of the races, and some of the challengers quickly charged that the N.Y.Y.C. was doing its best to make sure that this year was no exception.

Supported by Herreshoff's argument that the Aussie keel fins give the boat added draft, or depth, upwind, thus making it a 12.5-meter or 12.8-meter yacht in those conditions, the N.Y.Y.C. asked the Measurement Committee to reconsider its earlier O.K. Last week the I.Y.R.U. officials responded with a unanimous no. But that did not end the matter. Robert McCullough, chairman of the N.Y.Y.C. America's Cup Committee, next asked the I.Y.R.U.'s Keel Boat Committee, the final arbiter on such technical questions, to examine the keel. "In our country," observed *Australia II* Executive Director Warren Jones, "we take the referee's ruling and go on with the game. Why don't the Americans do the same?"

While the keel affair simmered, a second dispute, potentially more embarrassing to the N.Y.Y.C. mandarins, rocked Newport. Race officials, it seemed, had allowed U.S. Skipper Dennis Conner to use multiple rating certificates, which gave *Liberty* an advantage during the June and July trials—without the knowledge of the other American contenders. When expecting light winds, for example, Conner's crew could have removed ballast from the bilge and installed a longer boom, giving the boat less displacement and more sail area without changing *Liberty's* overall rating. All other boats have sailed under one certification. And so did *Liberty*, insisted Conner: "If you read the rule, you'd see that it is illegal to have more than one."

Unfortunately for Conner, the N.Y.Y.C.'s keel complaint to the I.Y.R.U. also asked for clarification on the legality of using multiple certificates. "*Liberty* has done this in our selection trials," McCullough acknowledged. Remarked John Kolius, skipper of the third-place American boat *Courageous*: "Nobody passed out, but it was surprising."

By week's end, the appearance of impropriety had grown so severe that some officials of the N.Y.Y.C. were privately expressing concern about favoritism shown Conner and the *Liberty* syndicate. Meanwhile, *Australia II's* sudden, and probably exaggerated, reputation as a superboat suffered a setback of sorts. Another American boat, *Defender*, sailed by Tom Blackaller, met *Australia II* ten miles offshore for an impromptu drag race, a gambit that violated at least the spirit of N.Y.Y.C. rules banning test races between any American boat and a foreign challenger. The result was a dead heat. But few believed the face-off settled much of anything. In Newport last week, everyone was bridling at the rules. As *Defender* Designer David Pedrick said after his boat's escapade: "It's a bloody shame when lawyers become important members of the crew." —***By Russ Hoyle. Reported by Richard Hornik and John F. Stacks/Newport***



Invitation to a Bad Time

THE ROSENBERG FILE *by Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton*
Holt, Rinehart & Winston; 608 pages; $22.50

For 30 years the story of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg and their mom-and-pop spy ring has been told to the accompaniment of grinding axes. The Stalinist left propagandized the trial and execution of the couple as being a joint venture of fascists and anti-Semites. Never mind that the Soviet Union was busy shooting its own Jews. At the other extreme was FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover intoning "the crime of the century," as if Hitler's recent transgressions had been reduced to a string of drunken driving charges.

Crowding the middle were historians, legal scholars, journalists and even a novelist—E.L. Doctorow, whose *Book of Daniel* used fact as a springboard to fiction. In 1975 the Rosenbergs' sons, Robert and Michael Meeropol (the name of their adoptive parents), published a memoir of their frightening childhoods. The appearance of *We Are Your Sons* coincided with a campaign to clear the Rosenberg name and with the Meeropols' successful suit to examine previously closed Government files.

Ethel and Julius Rosenberg after receiving their death sentences

Ironically, the release of some 250,000 pages of documents have proved to be a boomerang. The files forge stronger links between Julius Rosenberg and Soviet agents. The case against Ethel for conspiracy to commit espionage is weaker, although she was almost certainly an accessory. The nature of the evidence against Rosenberg Friend and Co-Defendant Morton Sobell suggests that he might have fared better in court had he not suddenly rushed off to Mexico. The Rosenbergs clearly recruited Brother-in-Law David Greenglass. As one of the Government's star witnesses, Greenglass testified that while serving as an Army technician at Los Alamos, N. Mex., he had given Julius rough sketches of the implosion device used to trigger the atomic bomb.

The Rosenberg File dispassionately supports its subjects' guilt and at the same time dramatically documents the ragged and unsavory way that justice was served. Historian Ronald Radosh and Writer Joyce Milton disclose an embarrassing trail of legal blundering, intimidation, judicial improprieties and political expedience. Emanuel Bloch, principal attorney for the Rosenbergs, repeatedly played into his opponents' hands, spoke when he should have remained silent, and said nothing when he should have argued. Said an outmaneuvered Bloch at one point: "For the purposes of going over the Government's witnesses' testimony which we think is fatal . . ." He meant "vital." Fair weight is given to various reasons for these lapses, but in the final analysis, the authors are led to dark speculation. Could it be, they ask, that the deeply troubled lawyer felt it was better to sacrifice his clients as martyrs to Communism than risk their eventual confessions?

The brief against the prosecution is stronger. Hoover wanted his agents to arrest Julius Rosenberg without a warrant. "Strict observance of technicalities in favor of openly avowed conspirators is shocking," he wrote at the bottom of a memo, without attributing the source of the avowals. U.S. Attorney Irving Saypol, who prosecuted the case, made prejudicial statements to the press. FBI and Atomic Energy Commission files indicate that Trial Judge Irving R. Kaufman conducted improper discussions with a Justice Department official and with other judges. In many ways, Radosh and Milton make Kaufman the heavy of their book. He had the onerous job of deciding for capital punishment, but there were also his pious remarks from the bench. In a 1958 letter to Federal Judge Learned Hand, Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter wrote, "I despise a Judge who feels God told him to impose a death sentence," and added, "I am mean enough to try to stay here long enough so that K will be too old to succeed me." Frankfurter then lobbied to delay Kaufman's appointment to the U.S. Court of Appeals.

It was, of course, the death sentence that inflamed emotions throughout the world. The standard explanation for the extreme penalty is that the Korean War and the militant anti-Communism of the early '50s created a climate of fear and vengeance. But there is also ample evidence that the threat of electrocution was tactical. Ethel was arrested shortly after Julius. Federal authorities evidently hoped that the ineffectual-looking engineer would crack quickly if his wife were in jail and his bewildered children left at home. But the Rosenbergs never talked, even though confessions might have saved their lives.

The verdict of *The Rosenberg File* is that there was no frame-up, although some of the evidence was tainted. Radosh and Milton also conclude that the penalty was inappropriate, in part because the Rosenbergs did not, as the prosecution maintained, give the vital secret of the bomb to the Soviet Union. In all likelihood, that was done by Physicist Klaus Fuchs, and he was sentenced to only 14 years. The authors answer many questions and satisfy much curiosity, but theirs is not a book that one can finish and say "Rest in peace." —*By R.Z. Sheppard*

Excerpt

"Judge Kaufman noted that he had searched his conscience for reasons why he should show mercy and he had found none. Therefore, he was sentencing both Julius and Ethel Rosenberg to die in the electric chair some time during the week beginning Monday, May 21, 1951.

Both the Rosenbergs had been prepared for the possibility of Julius' receiving the maximum sentence. But despite the rumors in the newspapers, Ethel's sentence came as a terrible shock . . . Visibly shaken and ashen-faced . . . Ethel had tried to bolster her own and her husband's spirits by singing the aria *Un bel dì* from *Madame Butterfly* in a clear though tremulous voice. Julius, no musician, had responded with *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*, a brave if rather grimly impersonal answer to Puccini's aria of love and longing."

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Laugh Track

SUDER
by Percival L. Everett
Viking; 171 pages; $13.50

The hero of this first novel is a black third baseman with the Seattle Mariners named Craig Suder. Given the salaries and perks enjoyed by contemporary athletes, Suder's position on and off the field would seem to be enviable. Unfortunately, he has a few problems, including a batting average of .198: "Things are bad. I can't make love to my wife, I can't run bases, and I couldn't get a hit if they was pitching me basketballs underhanded. And my kid hates me. To top it off, I got a bum leg that don't hurt." Manager Lou Tyler is solicitous, if gruff: "Now, about that slump of yours. You know, it wasn't but a few years ago that you blacks was allowed in this league. The way you been playing lately, they might kick you all out."

Suder harbors the dark fear that his difficulties are not physical but mental. He thinks he may be going crazy, just as his mother did one summer during his childhood. She started wearing high-top sneakers with her winter coat and went into training to run around the perimeter of Fayetteville, N.C. She also fawned over her son and told him: "You're not like your father. You're like me. You're just like your mother, just like your mother." Understandably, the memory haunts him.

Suder's predicament seems the stuff of sure-fire fiction, an unusual and interesting character struggling with mysterious demons. But after deftly establishing this premise, Rookie Author Percival L. Everett, 26, darts off in another direction entirely. Suder simply walks out on his wife, his team, Seattle. He buys a saxophone and tries to learn to play it like Charlie Parker. He hitches up with an older acquaintance who takes him on a boat ride across Puget Sound. The purpose of the trip turns out to be cocaine smuggling, and Suder manages to push his host overboard and sail off with all the loot. Then he wins an elephant at a carnival and names it Renoir.

Percival L. Everett
Establishing a premise and darting off.

People who think pachyderms are intrinsically funny will find the rest of *Suder* sidesplitting. Renoir certainly provokes his share of double takes. The man robbed by Suder tracks him to a cabin in Oregon, where he notices the large pet: "What's that?" Suder's reply: "That's an elephant." And then there is the joke about Suder's manager, an amateur taxidermist, who shows up unexpectedly and tries to kill Renoir with a chain saw: "I can't wait to stuff this sucker." By now, Suder has acquired other eccentricities. His cabin mate is a nine-year-old girl named Jincy, a runaway from her abusing mother. She comments: "This is weird. I'm in a strange barn, shoveling hay for an elephant that belongs to a nigger." Meanwhile, Suder has decided to build a pair of wings and fly over a nearby body of water called Ezra Pond.

It is impossible to tell just how bananas Suder is supposed to be going; he is the only spokesman for his misadventures and he says he feels better and better. But along the way, Everett's novel develops a severe case of enforced sit-com wackiness. Jokes wag the tale; characters seem willing to do anything for a laugh track. —*By Paul Gray*

Shrinking

AUGUST
by Judith Rossner
Houghton Mifflin; 376 pages; $15.95

In her new novel, Judith Rossner (*Looking for Mr. Goodbar*) returns to a favorite theme: the frantic search for emotional connection. The New York City landscape of *August* is littered with suicides, failed marriages, estranged children and an assortment of ambivalent sexual identities. The one successful relationship is built between two women: Dawn Henley, 18 at the outset, an orphaned college student, and Dr. Lulu Shinefeld, her fortyish psychoanalyst. In classic Freudian fashion, the patient seeks a surrogate parent. The analyst, a divorcee and failed mother, comes to view her patient as a surrogate daughter. Each woman uses the analytic relationship to relive, and make up for, errors that were made in their other lives outside the room with the couch. Ironically but somehow predictably, as Dawn slowly improves, her analyst regresses.

The title refers to the month when, in Rossner's flippant vision, all the analysts go on vacation, leaving their patients to fret or go crazy. The story is a cycle of summer deaths and September rebirths of the therapeutic relationship. *August* is also a kind of wish fulfillment for patients who want to be the only person in the doctor's life yet long to find out where the analyst goes when the 50-minute hour is over.

Dr. Shinefeld, her ex-husband, her friends and her feckless, casually cruel lover are all analysts, occupying a narrow world whose poles are the brownstones

Judith Rossner
A Freudian trek through sexual confusion.

bordering Central Park and the beaches of the Hamptons. The doctor is preoccupied by a frequently tedious midlife crisis that seems trifling and ill motivated by comparison with the traumas of her benumbed patient. Dawn was born to a catatonic, who committed suicide when her child was an infant, and a male homosexual, who died in a boating accident a year later. She has been raised by a leathery lesbian aunt and her feminine girlfriend, whom the child called Daddy and Mommy. (To aggravate matters, Dawn switched those names around as a schoolgirl after learning that mommies stayed home like her aunt and daddies worked like the girlfriend.) Though any first-year psych major could offer a working hypothesis of what went wrong, Dawn and Lulu spend endless sessions on the long search for revelation. The ideology of the trek is Freudian, yet its contrived sexual oddities are not plumbed for meaning; they are treated as ordinary, which has a preachy effect of consciousness raising.

En route, Rossner tosses off a number of saline one-liners ("Women looked at a gray-haired man and saw Father; men looked at a gray-haired woman and ran from death"). But *August* has two profound flaws. The narrative, which starts out like a detective story, is a tease: Dawn never arrives at a stunning moment of self-realization; instead, the treatment just winds down haphazardly and stops. Worse, Rossner cannot seem to decide what kind of book she is writing. At moments she appears to strive for the heartfelt tone of Judith Guest in *Ordinary People;* a few sentences later she lurches into smug social satire reminiscent of Fran Lebowitz's *Metropolitan Life.*

Many of the characters are shrewdly if harshly drawn stereotypes. Only Dawn is wholly likable, and her situation is so extreme that the reader pays a credulity tax with almost every chapter. Dr. Shinefeld, effective as a therapist, is a lulu of a loser as a woman. Rossner's treatment suggests that what another writer called the Impossible Profession is still beyond easy analysis. —*By William A. Henry III*

Science

Another World?

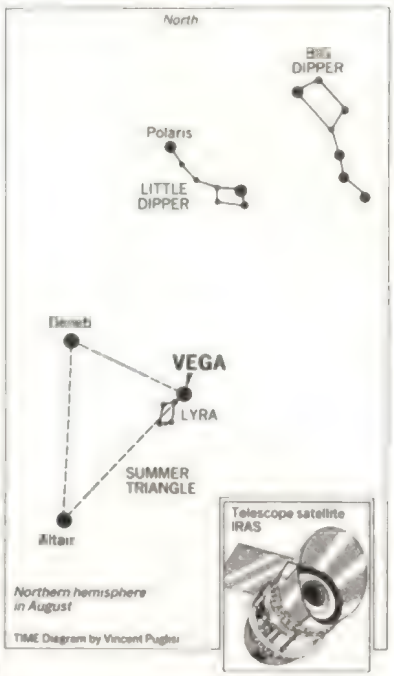
Hints of a new solar system

It is in the highest degree unlikely that this earth is the only one to have been created.

—Lucretius, 1st century B.C.

Vega is one of the brightest stars in the summer sky; in the Northern Hemisphere it is visible almost directly overhead in the constellation Lyra. About 60 times as luminous as the sun, this glowing beacon is often used by astronomers to calibrate their instruments and judge the brightness of other celestial bodies. Now scientists have another reason to keep an eye on this prominent star. Last week Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory announced that an orbital telescope, the new Infrared Astronomical Satellite (IRAS), appears to have found the first direct evidence that a far-off star could be encircled by planets of its own.

Scientists have long assumed that stars beyond the sun are the hubs of their own solar systems. Indeed, some of these worlds may include planets where life perhaps has evolved. Yet even the closest stars are too distant for earth-bound telescopes to discern any planets in orbit around them. Indications that Vega, which lies 26 light-years (150 trillion miles) away, has a solar system may be the most important finding so far made by IRAS, a joint effort of the U.S., Britain and The Netherlands that was launched last January. When Astronomers H.H. Aumann of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, which manages the project for NASA, and Fred Gillett of Kitt Peak National Observatory in Arizona aimed the instrument at Vega, they detected an unexpectedly strong flood of infrared radiation, or heat. (IRAS is the first orbital telescope that operates in the infrared frequency range, taking the temperature of the various components of the universe.)



Aumann and Gillett quickly realized that the heat was coming not from the star but from the region around it, extending out about 7.4 billion miles, or twice the distance to Pluto, the sun's outermost known planet.

How to explain these readings? Unlike the 4.6 billion-year-old sun, Vega is a veritable infant. It is less than a billion years old. At that age, it is probably still surrounded by an envelope of the cosmic debris, consisting of dust and gases, out of which all stars as well as their families of planets are apparently formed. IRAS's sensors indicated that the temperature of this free-floating matter was a chilly -300° F, about the same as that of Saturn's innermost rings, which are made of small chunks of matter. Further calculations showed that individual particles in the mass surrounding Vega had to be at least the size of buckshot; as the astronomers noted, anything smaller would already have been drawn into Vega by its powerful gravity. Only larger clumps—accumulations of material the size of asteroids, moons and perhaps even planets—would still be orbiting the star. Life, however, would probably not yet have had time to emerge.

Many of these conclusions, of course, are purely speculative. The infrared eyes of IRAS, as remarkably sensitive as they are, are not sharp enough to pick out any separate objects at such a great distance. Still, indications are that in the cosmic debris swirling around Vega there is a solar system in the making. Now it will be up to more powerful eyes, either on earth or in orbit, to get a better look at this new world. ■

SARSAT's False Alarms

Aviation and maritime officials were elated when the U.S. last March launched a weather satellite carrying a search-and-rescue, or SARSAT, system. The satellite, working in a rare cooperative venture with two Soviet SARSATs, automatically picked up distress signals from downed aircraft and foundering ships and relayed them back to earth. The S O Ss gave searchers quick navigational fixes so that help could be sent promptly to the accident sites. Rescue agencies are now discovering that there can be too much of a good thing: false alarms are flooding the SARSAT system.

In a single day, during their 18 passes over the U.S., the SARSATs pick up an average of 80 erroneous distress signals. On weekends, say officials at Scott Air Force Base in Illinois, which coordinates military and civilian rescue operations in the U.S., the number of bogus S O Ss rises to 100 or more. Deputy Assistant Air Force Secretary Lloyd Mosemann calls these counterfeit calls for help "a national disgrace" that "is strangling a very worthwhile program." Indeed, it is currently the only joint U.S.-Soviet space effort.

NASA

Most of the false alarms are due to what the Air Force tactfully calls "mismanagement" by pilots of the nation's 200,000 general-aviation aircraft, among them planes operated by business and recreational flyers. In some cases, they test their electronic beacons, known as ELTs (emergency locator transmitters), to see if they are working properly, and then forget to turn them off. These devices, required by law, automatically start broadcasting on standard international frequencies after a sharp impact like a crash. When spurious signals deluge the air waves, rescuers are overwhelmed. They must track down every alarm. Says Mosemann: "Suppose your local fire station received your call and the fire chief has to ask a policeman to drive by your house and verify the problem. Ridiculous, isn't it?"

The Air Force, joined by NASA, the Coast Guard and the FAA held a conference early this month to discuss ways of reducing the epidemic of S O S calls. Still, even irritated officials concede that on rare occasions the false alarms can lead to pay dirt. Earlier this year, rescuers followed satellite-relayed signals to a farm in the Southeast. The officials found a helicopter hidden in a haystack and loaded with marijuana. The ship's beacon had accidentally gone off.

Essay

Roadblocks en Route to a Superpower Summit

"It takes two to tango." That is how Ronald Reagan once described the condition necessary for cooperation with the Soviet Union. The tango is just the right metaphor for diplomacy. It is performed in the formal setting of a ballroom, to the vigorous but stately measure of 4/4 time, with a good deal of melodramatic posturing and a great variety of steps. But for the past few years, any kind of dance has been just the wrong metaphor for Soviet-American relations. The two superpowers have been circling each other warily, sometimes menacingly. If they came together, many feared, it would be to fight.

Now, suddenly, there is a faint hint of tango music in the air. The Soviets have let a handful of their Siberian Pentecostals go; they are looking, or pretending to look (it is still hard to tell which) for a way of pulling their occupation troops out of Afghanistan. The Reagan Administration, in addition to cautiously welcoming these and other Soviet steps, is making a few of its own: resuming consular negotiations and sending a delegation off to Moscow to negotiate "confidence-building measures," like upgrading the hot line. The two countries have agreed on a major sale of U.S. grain to the Soviet Union. The State Department is musing about how to engage the Soviets in mutual restraint and perhaps even joint diplomatic initiatives in the Third World, particularly southern Africa.

Both leaderships recognize that unremitting hostility is wasteful and dangerous. Yuri Andropov's Politburo is trying to figure out what to do about social and economic stagnation; it is preoccupied with the pacification of Poland and its "peace offensive" in Western Europe. Those campaigns are harder to wage if international tensions are on the rise. Reagan has a budget deficit to trim, an unruly Congress to assuage and an election to contest. A summit with Andropov would help him outflank the Democrats on the war-and-peace issue.

But the question still nags: What business can be transacted at a summit? Both leaderships have disclaimed any interest at all in a getting-to-know-you session. And they are right to do so. The combination of Reagan's extraordinary charm and political street smarts, which stands him in good stead with allied leaders and helps compensate for his relative innocence in world affairs, would neither interest nor impress Andropov. Personality would not be on the agenda.

Neither would Soviet prestige. Some European officials and some members of the Reagan Administration have convinced themselves that Andropov is aching for a summit as a kind of status symbol, to prove his legitimacy as Leonid Brezhnev's successor and to underscore the Soviet Union's standing as an equal of the U.S. Yet it is just as plausible that Andropov is under pressure to prove to his hard-line comrades that he is tough enough to hold out for a summit on his own terms.

Nor is it realistic to think that a productive summit can be convened around what are essentially secondary issues in the relationship, such as whether to open new consulates or install touch-tone dialing on the hot line. Those matters have their significance, but only when they are part of an overall improvement in relations. Similarly, high-level dialogue on cooperation in the Third World is possible only when there is a modicum of harmony between the First and Second. That depends on the core issue, which is the management of the military competition. And that in turn depends largely on the state of nuclear arms control. There Soviet-American relations are still very bad, and they could get a lot worse before the year is out.

The most important and immediate point of contention is the installation later this year of American Pershing II ballistic and Tomahawk cruise missiles in Western Europe. The U.S. and its NATO allies quite justifiably insist on the right to deploy new weapons in Europe to redress the military imbalance resulting from the Soviet buildup in recent years, especially the arrival on the scene of some 360 SS-20 ballistic missiles, each with three warheads. The Soviets, quite outrageously but very stubbornly, have made it a cornerstone of their policy that NATO has no such right; not a single new long-range missile may be added to the arsenal of the West without upsetting the balance that Moscow spuriously claims already exists. Yet Washington is determined to begin deployment by the end of the year, thus keeping to a schedule that the Western alliance set for itself in December 1979, when NATO embarked on its two-track approach: preparing to modernize its arsenal and negotiating with the Soviets.

The assumption in Washington has been that only when Moscow accepts the reality of new missiles in Western Europe will it negotiate seriously at the intermediate-range nuclear forces (INF) talks in Geneva. The Administration anticipates that deployment will trigger Soviet concessions and restore allied self-confidence. But what if deployment leads to an unhappier result, triggering instead an escalation in Soviet obstreperousness and, consequently, in West European nervousness?

As the December deadline draws closer, the Kremlin has been bearing down on two threats that lately have been sounding less like bluffs and more like promises: if deployment goes ahead on schedule, there will be 1) Soviet "military countermeasures" that would further upset the East-West balance, thus presumably requiring counter-countermeasures on the part of the West; and 2) a Soviet walkout from both the INF and strategic arms reduction talks (START) in Geneva.

Up to now, the inclination in Washington has been to downplay both halves of the Soviet ultimatum. According to this attitude, the U.S.S.R.'s military countermeasures will turn out to be more political bark than military bite. As for a Soviet walkout in Geneva, that would be crazy, say many American officials. The Soviets would stomp out of the talks looking like the spoilers. That would put the lie to their advertisements for themselves as infinitely patient good guys in the eyes of Europe.

Some in the Administration are confidently predicting that when the moment of truth arrives, the Soviets will find a way of avoiding a walkout or at least of limiting it to a token temper tantrum, a brief pout before getting back to the bargaining table. Another fashionable view in Washington right now is that regardless of their extreme distaste for the Reagan Administration, the Soviet leaders are pragmatic enough to realize that they need a breakthrough in the arms talks at least as much as the U.S. does, and that they probably stand to get a better deal before November 1984 than after that. Why? Because Reagan is looking formidable, perhaps unbeatable in next year's election. Therefore the Kremlin is more likely to negotiate an agreement that suits its own purposes some time during the next 15 months, while Reagan is a candidate who needs to impress the voters

Illustration for TIME by Eugene Mihaesco

with his statesmanship, rather than later, when he is a second-term President with the election safely behind him. There is talk of "the 1972 precedent": Richard Nixon was able to go to a summit in Moscow and sign the SALT I accords in an election year, when he was doing a number of things that made the Soviets furious, such as cozying up to the Chinese and mining and bombing the U.S.S.R.'s ally North Viet Nam.

But this may turn out to be a highly selective and perhaps misleading use of history. There is a big difference between Nixon in 1972 and Reagan in 1984. For one thing, Nixon was the Kremlin's candidate. Brezhnev & Co. had seen the arch cold warrior transformed into the champion of détente, and they wanted him re-elected. Reagan will surely not have that dubious endorsement next year. The Soviets had hopes that Reagan would undergo a Nixonian metamorphosis, but they probably have no such hopes any longer. Regardless of his tactical and rhetorical readjustments of late, they see him as the most hostile, dangerous American President they have faced since the end of World War II. At almost every level, Soviet spokesmen insist that they will not allow a summit to take place if its principal consequence is to help Reagan politically.

Also, the momentum of Soviet-American relations between 1969 and 1972 was toward a summit and a treaty. That is not the case now. Despite the change in climate and a certain amount of course correction on both sides in recent months, Soviet-American relations are still in a state of drift, and below the surface, they are not drifting toward a summit. On the contrary, over the INF issue alone, they could be drifting toward a crisis. The two tracks of the 1979 NATO decision may end up leading to a spectacular collision, in which arms control crashes into deployment. That could mean the derailment of both enterprises, since an end of the talks could further undercut the already shaky support in Europe for new weapons.

The American approach now is to hope for the best (a summit and an agreement), but to make sure that if the worst occurs (a collapse of the negotiations), the Soviets will be seen as the ones to blame. The trouble is that the West Europeans may not be satisfied any longer with an American policy whose principal accomplishment is to establish Soviet guilt for the failure of a negotiation. They want an agreement, and they want more flexibility than the U.S. has shown to date in its INF proposals. That certainly goes for the all-important West Germans.

There is considerable, and very understandable, resistance in the Administration to the notion that West European political forces should determine American military actions. How far can we let European fears push us? The answer, alas, is quite far indeed when the weapons in question are to be installed on European real estate. Chancellor Helmut Kohl has been admirably stalwart in his support of U.S. arms-control policy and rearmament efforts alike. If some further adjustment of the U.S. negotiating position would help him keep his domestic opposition at bay, then it makes sense to give it to him.

The original zero option would have required the Soviets to dismantle every last one of their SS-20s, from one end of the U.S.S.R. to the other, in exchange for cancellation of the NATO package. Earlier this year, Reagan offered a less drastic trade: a scaled-down NATO deployment for a scaled-back SS-20 force. But the U.S. is still insisting that SS-20s in the Far East, aimed at Japan and China, be treated as part of the Euromissile deal, since they could be moved westward in a crisis. As part of a final offer before the new American missiles arrive in December, the U.S. might improve the plausibility of its negotiating position and thus minimize the backlash against deployment in Germany by seeking reductions only in SS-20s targeted on Europe and settling for a freeze on those in Asia.

Another possibility would be for the U.S. to be prepared to sacrifice the Pershing II and deploy only cruise missiles in exchange for dramatic reductions in the European SS-20 force and other Soviet concessions (including an end to Soviet insistence on limiting British and French nuclear forces under an agreement). That was the nub of the now famous walk-in-the-woods formula that chief INF Negotiator Paul Nitze worked out privately with his Soviet counterpart, Yuli Kvitsinsky, a year ago. Both men were overruled by their home offices on the grounds that they had given away too much. The Reagan Administration felt it could not live without the Pershing II. Critics argue that the decision was shortsighted, both militarily and politically. Since the Pershing II is, like the SS-20, a ballistic missile, the Administration has been reluctant to give it up and rely solely on cruise missiles to counter the remaining SS-20s. But other ballistic missiles already in the U.S. strategic arsenal can cover the same targets as the Pershing II. Moreover, by refusing to back the deal, Washington missed a chance to put the onus for its collapse on the Soviets. The Administration may have a second chance now. The West Germans are promoting a revival of the plan, and the Soviets are saying they would "discuss" it. Their half of the discussion is likely to be another *nyet*, but there is only one way to find out. A firm Soviet rejection of a formal American walk-in-the-woods proposal would be bad news for the negotiations but might help bolster support for deployment.

Meanwhile, the Soviets have been probing for some indication that the U.S. might yet accept "the postponement option": defer deployment, if only for a few months, to give the negotiators more time. Absolutely not, says virtually every responsible American official. Postponement is tantamount to cancellation, and therefore it is not an option at all. The Soviets by now have good reason to conclude that deployment will indeed take place. Yet far from positioning themselves in a way that would allow them to compromise at the last minute in INF, they have continued to drop dark hints of a walkout and a buildup.

Just in the past few weeks, Soviet officials have sounded variations on the following theme: for just over 20 years, the superpowers have lived under an arrangement whereby neither side stationed long-range missiles in proximity to the other's territory; if the U.S. upsets that balance, there would have to be both a political and a military response. The mention of 20 years is a reference to the Cuban missile crisis of 1962. The Soviets seem to be putting the U.S. on notice that they regard 1983 ("the Year of the Missile," the State Department calls it) as offering them an opportunity—indeed, imposing on them an obligation—to make amends for 1962.

John Kennedy agreed to remove from Europe forerunners of the Pershing II, while Nikita Khrushchev removed from Cuba the forerunners of the SS-20. That exchange was largely cosmetic. The U.S. had been planning to pull its missiles out of Europe anyway, for its own political and military reasons, while Khrushchev had tried to introduce his missiles in Cuba and, naturally, had intended to leave them there.

In one of the most famous remarks of superpower brinkmanship, Dean Rusk remarked, as Soviet ships steamed home from Cuba with the rockets on their decks, "We're eyeball to eyeball, and the other fellow just blinked." In negotiating the understanding that ended the crisis, Andrei Gromyko's deputy, Vasily Kuznetsov, said sternly to his American counterpart, John McCloy, "You Americans will never be able to do this to us again." It was largely the humiliation of that episode that impelled the Soviet Union to undertake its 20-year buildup, of which the SS-20 program is one of the most troublesome manifestations.

Now it looks as though the Soviets may be bent on turning the Year of the Missile into a replay of the Cuban missile crisis, at least in its symbolic dimension, as a clash of wills between the superpowers. While this does not necessarily mean a return to the brink of nuclear war, it certainly does not augur well for an agreement that would secure the nuclear peace, nor for a summit at which such an agreement might be signed. ***—By Strobe Talbott***

Video

Looking In on the Louds

American Family Revisited, *HBO, throughout August*

Television is proof positive of the theorem that the mere act of observing something changes the nature of the thing observed. Just look at the Louds. In 1973, millions of viewers did, as a twelve-part, $1.2 million PBS documentary called *An American Family* recorded seven months in the life of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Loud and their five shaggy children of the California sun. Significant anthropology or indiscriminate voyeurism, the video *vérité* documentary transformed the unprepared Louds into instant celebrities, paradoxically enlarging and diminishing them at the same time.

This month HBO is airing *American Family Revisited*, an hour-long examination of how the camera changed the Louds from an anonymous well-to-do Santa Barbara family into what some observers labeled the living symbols of a culture in decline. Made by Susan and Alan Raymond, who filmed the original, the new documentary lacks the ragged power and immediacy of the series: a studied slickness supplants the prototype's shaky hand-held camera style. But underneath the gloss there is—*O tempora, O mores!*—another exposé of the Loud family's habitual self-exposure.

Beginning with a video scrapbook, the hour recapitulates the dramatic highlights of *An American Family:* an icy Pat Loud informing her philandering husband Bill that she wants a divorce, and the eldest son Lance, flamboyantly sashaying out of the closet, bedizened in silk scarves and blue lipstick.

RICHARD NOBLE

The way they were: the Loud family in 1973

ALAN RAYMOND

Pat, Lance and Bill today: "We're not so trusting any more"

Next we see the family's progress through the obstacle course of media celebration. Delilah is an overeager guest on *The Dating Game*, Bill poses in bed for *Esquire*, and Lance poses in the buff for *Screw*. It is like watching a Woody Allen parody of Andy Warhol's too familiar conceit that in the future everyone will be famous for 15 minutes.

The family, assured performers all, became television-wise without gaining the wisdom to explain what television did to them. Mr. and Mrs. Loud, now 62 and 56, had naively imagined that the initial documentary would reveal them as hipper versions of Ozzie and Harriet. "I, to this day, am embarrassed," she confesses. Other wounded and still wondering voices of the Louds linger in the memory. Bill, bristling and unrepentant: "It didn't hurt anybody; it didn't affect anybody." Grant, a singer who went from croaking Frank Zappa to crooning Frank Sinatra: "We're not quite so trusting any more." The last and most poignant word goes to Lance, the dark flower of the family who seemed to blossom on camera: "You look back on it and you think, '*That* was really life? or is what I remember of it life?' "

After this return visit, it seems clear that when the map of Television Land is drawn, the eight-room Loud ranch house will be as much a landmark as the Cleaver family's two-story white colonial. Just as the homogenized family sitcoms of the '50s became emblems of that decade, the Loud family's home movies may be the veristic vision of the polarized family of the '70s. So stay tuned, video voyeurs, for the next installment of the Loud saga. Say in ten years, when the prospective grandchildren are old enough to be interviewed. —***By Richard Stengel***

Milestones

MARRIED. Mary Beth Hurt, 34, resourceful film and stage actress *(The World According to Garp, Crimes of the Heart);* and **Paul Schrader,** 37, kitschy film director *(American Gigolo, Cat People);* both for the second time; in Chicago.

SENTENCED. Mary Hudson Vandegrift, 70, chairman of the board of Hudson Oil Co. and one of America's 400 wealthiest individuals, worth $100 million according to *Forbes* magazine; to 200 hours of public service in a retardation center and fined $5,000; for ordering her company's gasoline pumps readjusted so that customers got a small amount less than they paid for; in Olathe, Kans. Vandegrift pleaded no contest to the felony charge.

DIED. Jean Troisgros, 56, perfectionist chef of France's *nouvelle cuisine;* of a heart attack while playing tennis; in Vittel, France. Troisgros and his younger brother Pierre turned their small-town family restaurant in Roanne into a mecca for traveling gourmets. Rejecting the heavy tradition of French *haute cuisine*, with its sumptuous dishes and rich sauces, the Troisgros brothers highlighted the freshness of ingredients used in such elegantly simple recipes as their classic salmon with sorrel sauce and the eclectic *coupe-jarret*, which consists of five different meats cooked in a kettle. Dashingly handsome, Troisgros eschewed the globe-trotting celebrity of other *nouvelle* masters and stayed close to his restaurant. In 1968 *Les Frères Troisgros* received the supreme three-star accolade of the *Guide Michelin*, one of only a handful of French restaurants rated "worthy of a special journey."

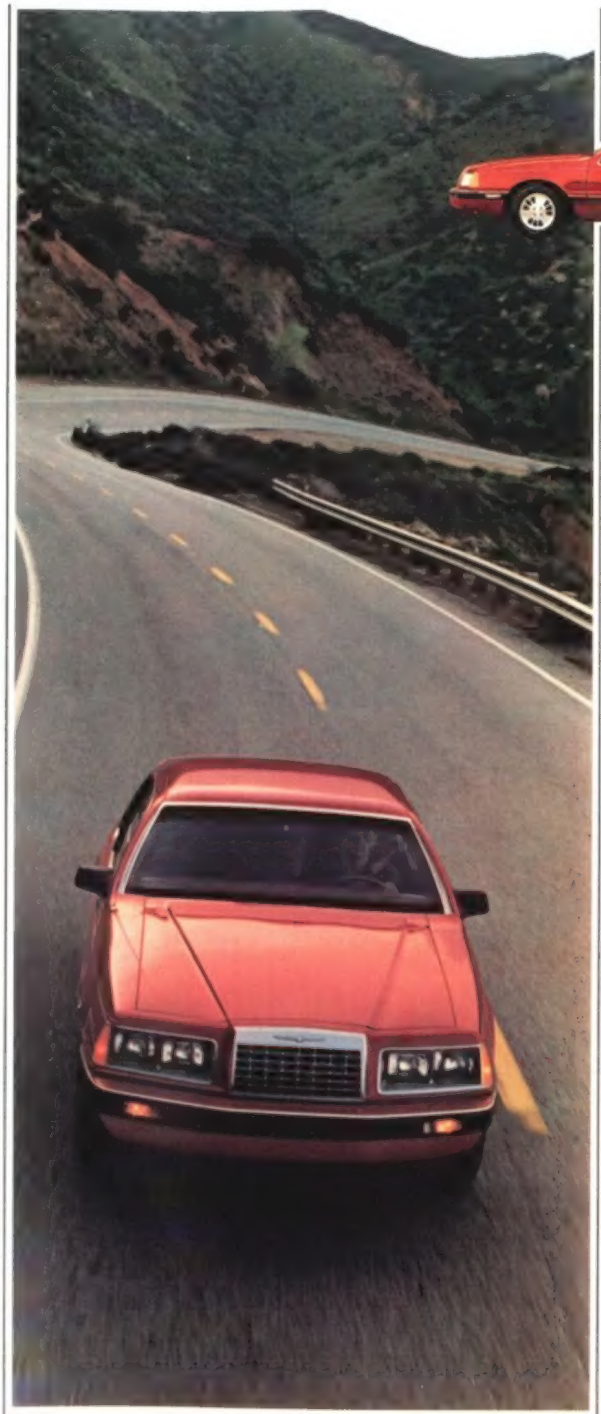
DIED. Joan Robinson, 79, imperious, questing professor of economics at Cambridge University from 1965 to 1971; in Cambridge, England. In 1933, she published the iconoclastic *Economics of Imperfect Competition* and became the only woman in the small circle of scholars who met regularly with John Maynard Keynes to discuss the early drafts of his revolutionary tome, *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money* (1936). A prolific author (20 books, scores of articles), Robinson attempted to merge Marxian analysis with modern economics and harshly criticized "Bastard Keynesians" who, she believed, distorted the master's theories. Seeing little hope for "cruel" capitalism, she predicted in 1978 a global economic crisis, saying, "I am an optimist by temperament, but a pessimist by intellect."

The Observer's Perspective.

Thunderbird is from a new school of automotive design. A school which holds that every part of a car should contribute to its overall integrity, both for the road and the driver. The primary evidence: Thunderbird's unique new shape. Not only does its new shape need less horsepower to move through the air, its shape actually reduces lift for improved directional control and stability. The doors curve up into the roof to reduce wind turbulence and buffeting for less wind noise and better airflow efficiency. Even the drip rails are concealed inside to catch the rain, not the wind. Thunderbird. Even the way it looks helps the way it drives.

The Driver's Perspective.

There is one place where you can fully appreciate Thunderbird's engineering: Behind the wheel. A lightweight V-6 engine provides responsive performance. The automatic transmission is equipped with a locking torque converter that links engine and transmission for more efficient use of engine power. The power-assisted variable ratio rack and pinion steering is quick and precise. And a modified MacPherson strut front suspension and gas-filled struts and shocks give consistent ride quality and road handling characteristics no matter what the road condition. Thunderbird responds to commands as if it were an extension of the five senses. It is a driver's car.



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Thunderbird's interior is designed around the driver for a heightened sense of comfort and command. The steering wheel is located in such a way as to keep your arms comfortable. Climate and entertainment controls are centrally placed, an easy reach away. And all power-option controls are nestled in the central console center.

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Ford

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Kings: 12 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine—100's: 14 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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